



DUTTON'S

HOLIDAY

ANNUAL

1890

New-York:
E. P. Dutton & Co.
31 West Twenty-Third Street

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Dutton's holiday annual.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
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INTRODUCTION.

HOLIDAYS! Six whole weeks with nothing to do! I mean nothing that's hard or unpleasant or horrid! Six whole weeks! That's forty-two days to go skating, running, jumping, snowballing, and enjoying oneself no end; and forty-two nights to sit up to supper, and hear the waits, and sing carols, toast chestnuts, and go to parties. I shall feel quite old when it's over — "used up," as uncle Jack says.

The first thing we do, as soon as we're home from school, is to hug father and mother, kiss the baby and race Fido. Then we fly down-stairs and shake hands with cook, who likes to see us come romping into her kitchen, and prying into the pantry. She always says how thin we are when we come home, and how fat when we go back. There never was such a cook as ours for cakes and tarts and puddings. As for the Christmas-pudding, after we've stirred it, and it's been boiled and watched over and cared for, almost as much as baby, father says there is not another like it from Land's End to John o'Groats. Dear father, it really is worth all the hard study and grinding as Chris says, to see his look of delight when we show him our prizes. Mine were just splendid, as many as I could carry in both arms.

The week before Christmas is one of the greatest excitement. Charlie, Chris, and I, form ourselves into a society, called the "Secret Discoverers,"



who must find out what everybody in the house wants, without anybody knowing a word about it. Every morning we assemble at head quarters—mother's old lumber closet, because it's quiet and out of the way—count our money, make plans, settle what we *can* buy and what we can't, and then off we go, making this and that discovery, either that mother's lost her silver thimble, baby's thrown her doll into the dust-bin, or father's pipe-case is dreadfully shabby, or granny wants mits. Everything is settled at last, and, on Christmas Eve, we can scarcely sleep for thinking of what will happen next day.

Christmas morning is just the loveliest, sweetest, dearest morning of the year. The house seems bursting with secrets, from father and mother to the old char-woman who comes to help. What whisperings and cracklings of paper parcels, and mysterious runnings in and out the breakfast-parlour there are to be sure. And when the time really comes for peeping and feeling and opening the wonderful packets, the shouting and laughter, and hugs and kisses, are things to remember till next holidays.

My plate was a picture! I never had so many presents before, but the best was DUTTON'S HOLIDAY ANNUAL. If it only helps over the dreary rainy holiday afternoons when I get back to school, as the last one did, it will be worth all the other presents put together.





GOOD-BYE.



GOOD-BYE,
little bird,
Away! Away!
Through fair
blue skies
Thou shalt soar
to-day,

Yet when thou art soaring
O, think of me,
Who ope'd thy prison and set thee free.

Away, little bird,
Good-bye! Good-bye?
I'll watch thee mount to the sunny sky;
And as thou art singing, I'll hear thee say,
Good-bye little maid, though I cannot stay,
I'll think of thee when I'm far away.

AN ONLY CHILD'S

TEA PARTY.

WHEN I go to tea with the little Smiths, there are eight of them there,
but there's only one of me,
Which makes it not so easy to have a fancy tea party as if there were
two or three.

I had a tea-party on my birthday, but Joe Smith says it can't have been a regular
one,

Because as to a tea-party with only one tea-cup and no teapot, sugar basin, cream
jug or slop basin, he never heard of such a thing under the sun.

But it was a very big tea-cup and quite full of milk and water, and you see—
There wasn't anybody there who could really drink milk and water except Towser
and me.

The dolls can only pretend, and then it washes the paint off their lips,
And what Charles, the canary, drinks isn't worth speaking of, for he takes such very
small sips.

Joe says, a kitchen chair isn't a table; but it's got four legs and a top, so it would
be if the back wasn't there;

And that does for Charles to perch on, and I have to put the Prince of Wales to
lean against it, because his legs have no joints to sit in a chair—

That's the small doll. I call him the Prince of Wales, because he's the eldest son,
you see;

For I've taken him for my brother, and he was mother's doll before I was born, so
of course he's older than me.

Towser is my real live brother, but I don't think he's as old as the Prince of Wales.
He's a perfect darling, though he whisks everything over he comes near; and I tell
him I don't know what we should do if we all had tails.

His hair curls like mine in front, and he's clipped like a lion behind, but no one
need be frightened, for he's as good as gold;

And as to roaring like a real menagerie lion, or eating people up, I don't believe he
would do it, if he could.

He has his tea out of the saucer, after I've had mine out of the cup;

You see, *I'm* sure to leave some for *him*; but if I let him begin first, he would
drink it all up.

The big doll godmamma gave me this birthday, and the chair she gave me the year
before—

(I haven't many toys, but I take great care of them, and every birthday I shall have more and more.)

You've no idea what a beautiful doll she is, and, when I pinch her in the middle, she can squeak ; It quite frightened Towser, for he didn't know that any of us but he, and I, and Charles, were able to speak.

I've taken her for my only sister, of course, I may take anybody I choose.

I've called her Cinderella, because I'm so fond of the story, and because she's got real shoes.

I don't feel so lonely now there are so many of us ; for, counting Cinderella, there are five—

She, and I, and Towser, and Charles, and the Prince of Wales, and three of us are really alive.

And four of us can speak, and I'm sure the Prince of Wales is wonderful for his size ; for his things (at least, he's only got one thing), take off and on, and though he's nothing but wood, he's got real glass eyes.

And, perhaps, in three birthdays more, there may be as many of us as the Smiths, for three and five make eight ;

I shall be seven years then (as old as Joe), but I don't like to think too much of it—it's so long to wait.

And, after all, I don't know that I want any more of us. I think I'd rather my sister had a chair—

Like mine ; and the next year I should like a collar for Towser, if it wouldn't wear off his hair.

And it would be very nice if the Prince of Wales could be dressed like a Field Marshal, for he's got nothing in his legs ;

And Cinderella's beautifully dressed ; and Towser looks quite as if he'd got a fur coat on when he begs.

Joe says it's perfectly absurd, and that I can't take a Pomeranian in earnest for my brother ;



But I don't think he really knows how much Towser and I love each other. I didn't like his saying: "Well, there's one thing about your lot; you can always have your own way." And then he says: "You can't possibly have fun with four people when you have to pretend what they say." But, whatever he says, I don't believe I shall ever enjoy a tea party more than the one that we had on that day.

J. H. E.



A GREAT ADVENTURER.

I AM the great Indian chief, Eagle Foot, and it's not the slightest use saying I am Tom Green, for I tell you I am Eagle Foot; and I ought to know best. I have had strange adventures since the fatal morning when I ran away from school, for I was not always a Red Indian. I was once a little boy who went to school and did not like it. I ran away to sea, and soon became captain of a pirate vessel; but I felt that, though I was the king of the sea, I was made for better things, so I became general of the British Army, and fought at Waterloo, Agincourt, and other great battles. Then I went up in a balloon, and came down in a parachute at the Crystal Palace. But still I felt I had done nothing worth running away from school for, so I crossed the sea on a raft, that I made myself of boughs and tarred sacks; and I came to the great forest where the mighty river flows.

And there the Red Indians came out to scalp me, but I showed them all the conjuring tricks in the five-shilling box Uncle John gave me,

and they all fell down at my feet and said: "Thou shalt be our chief, O great Eagle Foot." And they gave me scalps and wampum and a wigwam and a canoe, and here it is.

(Heigho! it's rather dull on this old boat; I'm very hungry. I wish I had not run away from school this morning.)

I should like to see anyone say this is not a canoe and I'm not Eagle Foot. What's the use of being a boy if you can't pretend anything you like? I think I shall go home though. I know there's potato pie for dinner.





PICK-A-BACK

T-I-B!



RI again, come, sir, t-i-b; what does t-i-b spell?" said Mr. Bluff, the school-master, to little Harry Knownothing.

Everytime he said t-i-b, he thwacked the desk with his cane, very heavily indeed.

"Come, sir, I'll give you ten minutes; after that, if you don't know it, why'er, I must resort to the cane, t-i-b!"

"Now then," chirped a saucy little sparrow on the window sill, "have you got it?" "Ah," said Puss, the tabby cat, from the front on the garden wall, "I could tell if I liked; but I don't like, he's such a terrible dunce!" "No, I haven't got it," said Harry, trying not to cry. "Everybody says t-i-b, but no one tells me what it spells, and, oh, I'm so hot, and I don't like school a bit."

"Have you got it?" persisted the saucy little sparrow, with his head on one side.

"No, he hasn't," cried Puss, "and, as I said before, I'm not going to tell him, he really is *such* a dunce!"

"So am I, but I know all the letters, I do, indeed," said another voice.

A jingling of little bells made Harry lift his head from the desk, where he had laid it down in despair. He looked, and saw the oddest little man looking at him.

"And are *you* a dunce?" asked Harry. "Yes, I'm Doubleddee; but still I thought I could help."

"Oh, thank you," said Harry, "I *do* want to know about t-i-b; it's such a worry."

Instead of answering at once, the little man laughed and shook his sides, and danced, and capered about, which set the bells on his cap ringing like mad.

"Ha, ha! Letters don't worry us," he said. "We worry them; ha, ha! we worry them."

"How can you do that, sir, please?"

"How? Turn 'em out of their box topsy-turvy, stick 'em up in the sun, and cry out sharp, 'Now, young sirs, spell lollipops!' They can't do it," whispered Doubleddee, as if he were telling a secret; "it's an impossibility."

"Why not?"

"Why not! how can they when they've only one 'l' and one 'o' and one 'p' between them; it takes them three 'ls,' and two each of the other sort, to spell lollipops; that's how we worry them; 'higgledy-piggledy' worries too, and so does 'tippittitwichtet'; oh, and a thousand more."

"Do they ever get punished?"

"I should say so. Sometimes big 'I' cries for a dot, then the master holds him up on the tip of his toe to show the rest how greedy he is, and makes one of us dot him—generally the littlest; still 'I' doesn't like it."

"You shouldn't say 'littlest,'" said Harry, reprovingly. "I say 'more little;' but you don't know much, do you?"

"No, nothing; nothing at all whatever."

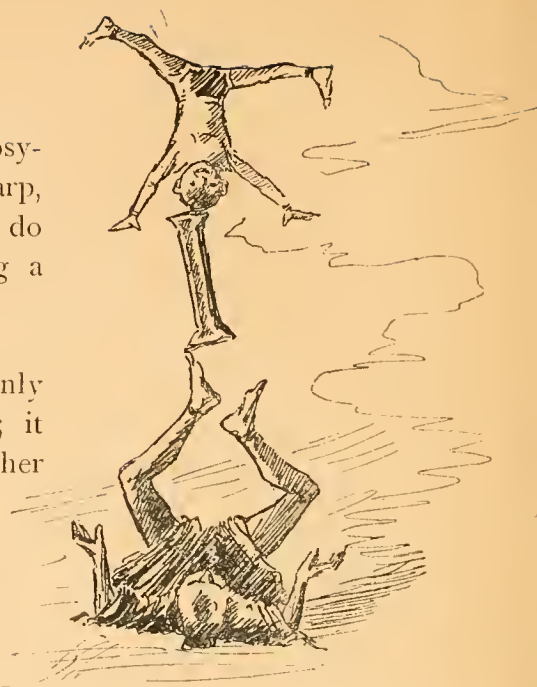
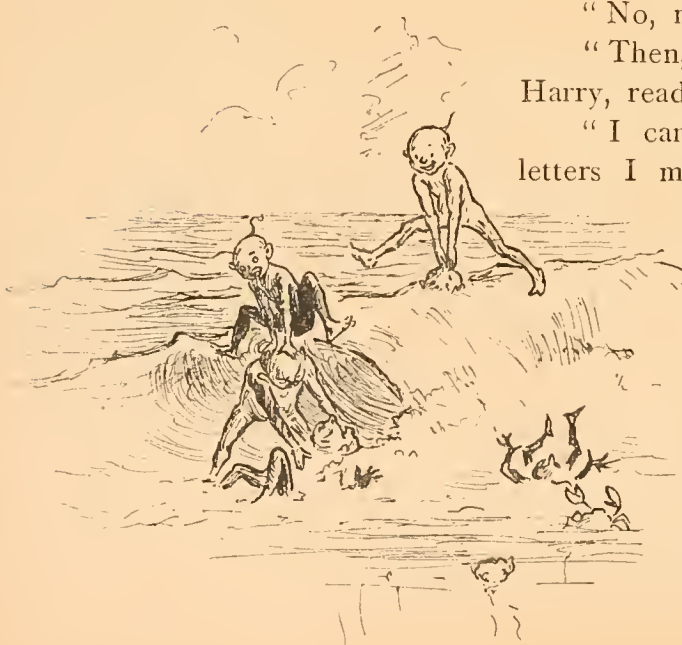
"Then, I'm sure you can't help me?" said Harry, ready to cry with disappointment.

"I can ask 'em your word, can't I?—the letters I mean. Will it worry?"

"It worries me," said Harry, "besides, I'm hot and ever so thirsty."

"Ah, you'd like a game in our playground. You'd be cool enough there, and plenty to drink without any trouble," said Doubleddee.

"Where is it?"



"In the sea; the biggest, jolliest playground in the world. You should see our youngsters play leap-frog over the waves all day long, for they're all like me, know nothing at all whatever and don't want to. Bless my buttons!" broke off Doubledee, as the bells on his cap chimed three, "I must go. 'O' said he was round, when he isn't, so Jinks, the conjuror, has him on the end of his nose till I get back. Expensive work that kind of thing, twopence a minute. Quick, sir! What are the letters that worry you?"

"*T-i-b*," said Harry. And while the little man was writing it down in his note book with a stick of liquorice, some one cried:—

"Tib! Tib! Tib!" And Harry woke up to find he'd been dreaming, and the schoolmaster's little girl was in the garden calling the cat, and the master standing by, saying, "Now then, young sir!"

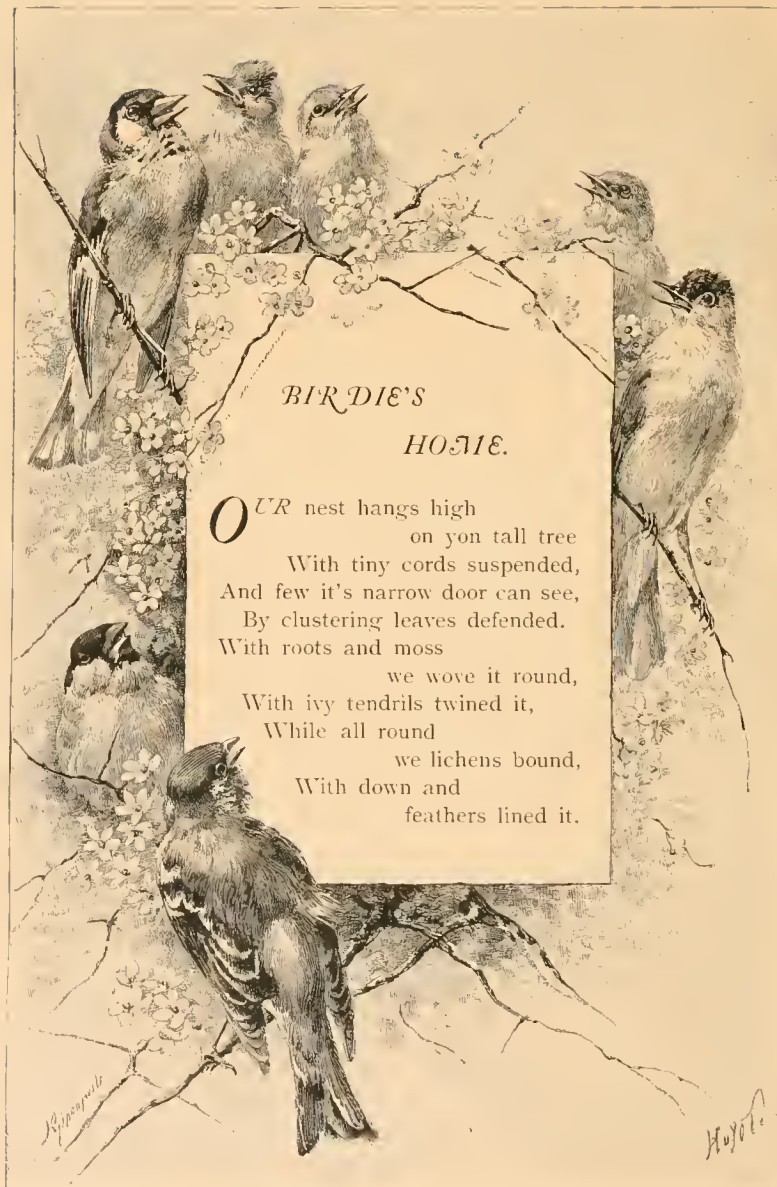
"I've got it!" yelled Harry, "it's TIB. I wonder if Doubledee told after all?"



Lottie Haskell.



AN EXCITING CHASE.



*BIRDIE'S
HOME.*

*O*UR nest hangs high
on yon tall tree
With tiny cords suspended,
And few it's narrow door can see,
By clustering leaves defended.
With roots and moss
we wove it round,
With ivy tendrils twined it,
While all round
we lichens bound,
With down and
feathers lined it.



"What are you watching across the blue bay?"
Father's brown fishing boat sailing away.



For wet weather

If it should rain don't pout and fret,
For rainy weather we must get.
To cry, my dear, is worse than vain,
Take my advice, and let it rain.



ETHEL'S

MOUSE.

*R*ES, but it will not rain always, Auntie?"

"Rain, rain, go away, and come again another day," don't you know. "Rain always!" interposes Ethel's brother, Tom, a wiseacre of twelve years old. "It will pass off directly!" "Can't you come to the window and back your man? Here are other two drops going to race. Choose which you like, and I'll watch it down the pane."

Ethel goes over towards the window, slowly, and when half way to the impatient watcher of the competing raindrops, turns and says to her aunt: "Auntie, mightn't you put down the knitting just a little while, and tell Tom and me stories? Just a wee while, Auntie?" And the fair headed pleader edges off again, towards the lady who sits busily, plying her needles at the table, "just the weest while, Auntie?"

"Now, look here, those two have finished, and mine won anyhow," this from Tom, "and Auntie's busy, so you had just as well come. Expect you'll be saying presently that I'm cheating, and changing the drops I back. I chose the one for you last race, and it lost."

"But, Auntie, a wee while can't make any difference," Ethel pleads; "Tom and I are tired playing, ain't we, Tom?"

"No, can't say I am, can't say I am," Tom answers business-like, for he is not overfond of Auntie's stories; somehow of late they have had such a tendency to end in the dreadful, dreadful fate of some boy about twelve years old, who would never obey his Auntie. "Can't say I am, and besides it's clearing up a bit, and Auntie and I are going to

take you to the Museum this afternoon, supposing you're good between this and then! Perhaps I'll tell you about the things a little, too, if you remind me," adds the wiseacre.

The pleading for the story-telling is forgotten as Ethel hurries to the window, and hails with the greatest delight the break in the clouds and the little patch of blue sky visible.

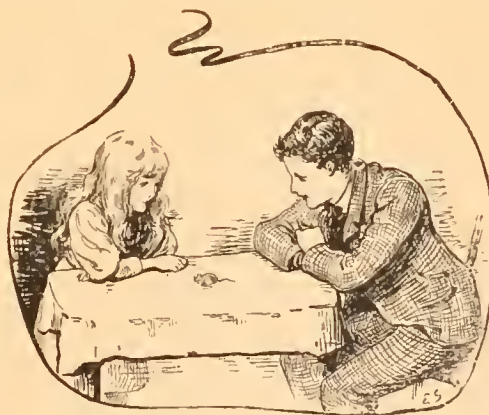
"Look! look! Auntie," she cries, "the sun's coming out, and the rain will be off altogether directly, and Tom and you and I'll go to the Museum, and see all the dromedaries and things in Tom's book."

Tom and Ethel had been looking forward to this visit as a rare treat. Tom possesses a wonderful story book about an African pioneer, whose tremendous adventures are shown in the pictures. You can see him fighting this animal with a hard name, and that one with a harder one, till Ethel's little head is quite confused trying to remember them. Tom hugs a dear secret to his heart, that he will some day go and kill more animals than even that pioneer.

"Well, well, children," remarks Auntie, putting away her knitting, "I suppose I must take you some day, so we had better go now while it holds clear, and not wait until the afternoon."

Presently they are all walking down the High-street, Auntie between the brother and sister. They reach the little Museum of the northern town in which they dwell, and pass into the dim and dusty little square room that contains most of the more precious articles. But, alas! no large animals are to be seen. The expected groups of apes, of jackals

and hyenas, lions and panthers, are not here, and in their place appear a few mild looking, glass-covered cases. Tom and Ethel are much disappointed, but cheering up a little, quickly hurry from case to case, pointing out to each other all the things they think the prettiest and



funniest. Auntie explains to the two children all the marvels of which the old naturalist, who is the Curator, is so proud; but after an hour or so, the children are weary, and are only too glad when Auntie says: "Let us go home."

But I must tell you, Tom and Ethel have an elder brother who is quite a hero in their eyes, and it being Wednesday, and a half-holiday, he comes home at three o'clock, much to his little sister's delight.

"Look here, Ethel," he says, after he has been home about ten minutes; "I'll show you one of the most marvellous mice you ever saw, if you like."

"No, no, please don't," Ethel cries in a fright, for she thinks Frank—the elder brother—has, perhaps, one of these nasty white little things that run round wheels in their cages.

"But it can't bite," Frank urges, "that's the beauty of it; you just get behind me a little and take hold of my arm, and then it can't possibly hurt you, don't you see?"

So Ethel sidles up to him and takes his arm, and Tom, who isn't too fond of creepy things either, goes to the other side.

"Now, don't speak either of you," says Frank, "it is just as I put my hand in my pocket—so," Tom's eyes grow larger, "and bring it out—so." Ethel shrinks a little, "and, presto! away we go," ends Frank, as he places a little clock-work mouse on the table.

"Oh, oh, catch it, Tom," cries Ethel as it runs across the table; but Tom, who has not seen the invention before, is much more afraid than he likes to think, and much resents being referred to when he is in such a state of mind.

"Don't be frightened; it can't bite, you know," remonstrates Frank.

"I'm not afraid," says Tom, "it's only wooden!"

"How does it run, then, Tom?" asks Frank, who does not like the disparaging tone of the last remark. The question is too much for Tom, and he is quieted at once.

"Now, Ethel, if you are very good, I'll let you take care of it when I go to school to-morrow," Frank remarks, after the mouse has made two or three little runs on the table, invigorated between each by some

process known only to Frank, which requires that he should go out of the room by himself.

"Yes, Frank," Ethel answers, "but Tom and I can't quite, you know, can't quite take to it altogether after the white mouse that couldn't bite, pinched my fingers so, when I wanted it to do all the pretty things the man made the canaries do at Brighton, last summer, and it wouldn't."

"But this is different altogether," and Frank nearly adds, "it's only wooden, and has works inside," but he restrains himself for he remembers Tom's strange desire to see the works that are inside anything, and, besides, he wishes to keep up the mystery a little longer.

Ethel still shakes her head.



Suddenly, however, she brightens, looks from Tom to Frank, and bursts out, "Oh Tom, wouldn't it do fine for the Museum! You know, Frank, that Auntie, Tom, and I, went to the Museum to-day, but we did not see any of the animals we expected," and Ethel's brightness vanishes for a moment; then she turns to Tom and says: "Oh! wouldn't it be fine? But the people will not care to have the mouse, perhaps, Tom, will they? I'm afraid—" Ethel stops.

"You're afraid what?" Frank asks. "What animals did you expect to see?"

"Never you mind, Frank; I think myself that the mouse could go to the Museum without any fear, 'specially as it would be ticketed, as we saw the other things were, Ethel, eh!"

"'Curious Mouse. Presented by Mr. Tom Chatham.'"

"Presented by Mr. Tom Chatham! Miss Ethel Chatham, you mean, Tom," Frank remarks; "*I* think we might at least ask Auntie if we might send it."

So all the children run off to Auntie to obtain permission. Auntie will not, however, allow the mouse to be sent, but proposes that Ethel should write to the Curator, (a personal friend of Auntie's) and offer it for exhibition. Ethel agrees, and copies in fair round text the scrap letter Frank makes out for her.

"The Shrubbery, Culford.

"Dear Sir,

"Will you allow my mouse to be put in your Museum for everybody to see. Auntie won't let me send it until you say you will let it come. In haste, please answer quick.

"ETHEL.

"P.S.—It is a wonderful mouse, runs fast if you take it out of the room and do something to it with a key. Please put a ticket on it if you let it come:

"'CURIOUS MOUSE,

"Presented by MISS ETHEL CHATHAM.'"

Then Watkins, the nursemaid, is sent off with the letter, and "be sure, and wait an answer," says Frank, who thinks he knows business. While she is gone, the children try to amuse themselves. Ethel is presently called upstairs to her Aunt. Frank, in a moment of forgetfulness, also

leaves the room, in order to inspect his rabbits, thinking to kill the time; and so the mouse is left on the table to the tender mercies of Master Tom. That young gentleman is secretly much afraid of the little toy, however, seeing it remains motionless, he grows braver, and, at length, ventures to take it in his hand. Presently he discovers the keyhole, and noting the similarity between it and the keyhole of the engine Auntie gave him on his birthday, the thought strikes him that this keyhole leads to "works" as the other did. Alas! Tom's failing comes too strong upon him, and the aid of the penknife being summoned, presently the mouse and its works are separated.

"Nothing extraordinary philosopher mut- make a fuss about

Then the thought quences of his haste he hurriedly tries to the mouse again. They however, and will *not* fail to lay the shell of the table, giving it as as he can manage, and in his pocket. No than Watkins returns, Ethel and Frank, press

eagerly questioning as to the result of her mission.

"Well, Miss," the nurse makes reply, when a pause occurs, "I have a letter from the old gentleman."

"Oh, give it me," cries Tom.

"It is to the young lady," answers Watkins, as she hands the letter to Ethel; the latter, opening it, hands it to Frank, requesting him to read it aloud for general edification. Frank proceeds:

"Dear Miss Ethel,

"I am extremely obliged by your kind offer,—"



dinary, only wooden," ters; "like Frank, to nothing."

of the awful consequences crosses his mind, and get the works into are very unreasonable, fit; he is, at length, the mouse down upon innocent an appearance to secrete the works sooner has he done so, and he, along with round her in the hall,

"Culford Museum.

"Just so," interrupts Tom, "just so."

Frank looks at him threateningly, but proceeds:

"But, unfortunately, I am unable to avail myself of it. You saw on your visit, to-day, my fine, large cat in the museum?"

"You know, Ethel," says Tom, "that big grey one on the pedestal at the door, with the ticket saying it came from Persia, or somewhere, 'presented by Mr.—.'"

"Oh, Tom, be quiet," answers the anxious Ethel, "go on, Frank." Frank again reads:

"Well, cats and mice never agree, and, I am afraid, as my cat is much attached to the Museum (never leaving her pedestal, in fact), that it would hardly be kind to ask her to give up her place and go away somewhere, so that the mouse might come. If you put it in that light to yourself, I think you will see it is better to keep the mouse at home."

"And the letter is signed, 'GEORGE PHILIP, *Curator*,'" ends Frank.

"Of course, Frank, we couldn't really ask the cat to go away, could we? Besides, Auntie said she was stuffed or something," remarks the disappointed Ethel, after a little pause.

"Oh well, never mind," Frank answers, "we will keep the mouse ourselves, and—"

"Train it to do things like the canaries?" interrupts Ethel, her disappointment vanishing.

"You can't do that, you know," Tom answers, "the thing is only wooden."

"How do you know that," Frank asks.

"Well, when you and Ethel went away, and Watkins was at the Museum," begins Tom, in so very conciliating a tone that Frank, immediately suspecting something, breaks in with—

"Look here, you know; where's that mouse?"

"I thought," Tom continues, all unconscious of Frank's interruption, "I thought perhaps the mouse would be lonely, so I—"

"You what?" asks Frank.

"I spoke to it a little, and played with it a little, and then—" Tom speaks very, very slowly.

"And then?"

"Well, the works fell out." Tom is in despair.

"Oh Tom, you've broken our mouse," cries Ethel, "I really believe you meant it, just to prove it was wooden," and the little sister shows signs of crying, I'm afraid; but Tom, who is a tender-hearted little fellow, begins first; it takes Frank and Ethel, who is fain to forget her tears, a full half hour to comfort him. At the end of that time, the children go to the room again, and Tom, producing the works from his pocket, they sorrowfully take the broken toy upstairs to Auntie. The latter, however, manages to persuade the obstinate works to return to the service of the mouse, and the toy is soon in as workable a state as ever again.

The children play with the little clockwork mouse all that afternoon, and many a half-holiday sees them similarly employed; for, whenever they play with the mouse, they always consider themselves rather distinguished by doing so, on account of the narrow escape it had of becoming an exhibit in Culford Museum.

Eddie Lawson.



HOW the wheels of the old cart creaked! The road was quite tired of hearing their complaints, when suddenly they became quiet, and went smoothly on, making no doleful sound.

"How now!" cried the road. "What has happened that you take things so easily. Has the master lightened your load?"

"No," said the wheels, "he hasn't done that. Our burden is, if anything, heavier than before; but *he has oiled us*, so that whatever we have to bear, we no longer have the heart to say a word against it."



DAY

DREAMS.

SWINGING where the leaflets fling,
Softest shade o'er everything.

Wide awake beneath blue sky,
Yet the sweetest dreams have I.

Day dreams, you are sweeter far
Than the dreams of night-time are.

Dreams of once upon a time,
Dreams of fairy bells a-chime.

Dreams of elfins, goblins, sprites,
Great big giants, little mites.

Dreams about the deep blue sea,
Where the happy mermaids be.

Isn't this the sweetest thing,
Dreaming day dreams in the swing.



D. 11
DRESSING.

BEHIND THE SUNSET.



ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl who was very curious about nearly everything, but, most of all, she longed to find out what lay behind the sunset. "For," she said, "beneath the sea there are lovely shells and flowers, and mermaids swimming; and under the earth are diamonds, and silver, and gold; there must be something far more wonderful than all these behind the sunset. Why do people sit and sigh, and look at the evening sky if that is not so? And why do they paint pictures and write poems about it?"

One evening she wandered away from the village, and up across the sun-scorched downs, till she stood with her little bare feet among the tall dry grasses and yellow-cliff flowers, looking out across the sea into the sunset.

She wondered more than ever, for the sky was full of pale golden light, with here and there an opal cloud-island edged with so intense a splendour that she was obliged to shade her eyes with one chubby brown hand as she looked.

"I wish I had someone to tell me what it means," she said, "and what it is that people see there."

As she spoke, she turned to rest her dazzled eyes on the quiet, inland country, already soft with slow silvery mist. And turning, she saw close beside her someone whose like she had never before seen. He was tall, and sad, and grave, his tranquil eyes regarded her almost pitifully—at least, so she thought. His voice was very low, and yet



clear like the wind at evening, as he said, "I will tell you what lies behind the sunset; it is all the glory and the loveliness that have passed away out of people's lives, all the sweet musical hours, all the warmth of Spring and Summer days, all young and tender feelings. These are what make the sunset sky so fair; all day long, and sometimes through many days of rain and fog, men and women live without these things (though the dulllest sky lifts and lightens towards sundown), but just now and then it is all given back, fully and freely, for a few short moments, in such a sky as this. Each one seeks and sees his old fair days and dreams, and all he has most loved and lost, through the warm gold light. And as the light grows dim, and the grey curtain falls again, he yet feels that all grace and enchantment are not utterly gone from him, for evening must follow upon afternoon, so long as he stays upon the earth to watch for it.

"You have nothing laid away there as yet, or rather so little, that you do not know or remember; still I think you may one day find there the old songs your mother sings to you, and maybe the loveliness of pale apple blossoms against the sky, or the gold of the sun upon the buttercups." He paused, and drawing the folds of his long purple mantle more closely round him, said, "Good-bye, little child, one day you shall surely see what lies behind the sunset."





KITT.

The Difference.

A KITTEN one knows,
Licks its toes,
But a baby, come,
Sucks its thumb.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

OUT in the meadow in sunshiny weather,
The duck and the drake went strolling together
The drake wore a necktie and carried a cane,
The duck wore an ulster in case it should rain.

The little ducks followed and cackled with glee,
And they were as happy as ducklings could be.

You may see for yourself how happy they look,
You'll find them again at the end of the book.



CARNIVAL TIME.

CARNIVAL TIME.



Naples city one fine Spring day,
While the sun shone clear in the deep blue sky,
Eight little children went out to play—
“There are but seven!” did some one say?
It is vain to count them, so, pray, don't try;
For little Annetta, so merry and bright,
Is not to be seen—for she's not in sight.

The captain bold of this merry band,
So happily strumming his brother's banjo,
Had a name which, I fear, you'll not understand,
Though it's common enough in that far-off land;
And I've written it down—it was Guglielmo.
But regarding that banjo, I greatly fear
That Guglielmo will have more to hear.

Behind their captain, in single file,
Armed with flowers and fans and toys,
Laughing and singing and playing the while—
Not, I must own, in a soldierly style—
Marched seven more little girls and boys;
And the last, in the hat of a grenadier,
With a gallant bearing, brought up the rear.

It was Carnival time, and, of course, you know
That at Carnival time all is frolic and fun
In that distant city where Guglielmo,
And Carlo, and Beppo, Antonio,
And all the others marched one by one:
Keeping step to the sound of the captain's tune,
Though the strings of the banjo were snapped full soon.

The strangest sights that ever were seen
Met our wanderers' gaze at every turn :
There were folk in blue and red and green,
In silk and satin and velveteen,
Of every shade for which eye could yearn ;
While to meet the most eccentric wishes,
Some went as birds, and beasts, and fishes.

And so they marched on till the sun sank low,
While the stars peeped out, and the moon shone bright ;
And how they got home, I scarcely know,
Though of this I am sure : for that big banjo .
Our little friend G. paid dear that night,
And this is a warning to those little boys
Who love to make merry with other folk's toys.



HERE are the portraits of nine little folk as they may be seen
any day waiting for the soup kitchen to open. Think, dear
children, that for one little round halfpenny you can buy a
whole dinner for one of these little people, and send the warm blood
tingling into toes and cheeks, and happy smiles into their faces. There
are many kinds of sweets you may buy with your money, and to do
good to others is the best kind of sweets.



HERE'S dear little
Nancy Lee,

O, a bo'sen brave is she
While the breezes blow, and the white sails flow,
Her ship rides over the sea.

LOVE BABY.



ANY of you have a dear little baby at home, a dimpled darling that everybody loves, from mother, father, big sister, little sisters, teasing schoolboy brother, down to the kitten on the hearth-rug. But *why* do you love him?

Is it for his curly head, blue eyes, his funny ways, and hands that go poking and prying into every that on busy days, such as baking or washing days, Fanny or Katie has to stay at home from school to see that they don't get into mischief, for, of course, like all babies, he loves to play with the coal-scuttle, taste the soap, upset the blacking bottle, and try to find out what fire is made of. I know he is full of these delightful little tricks, or he wouldn't be a baby at all.

But there is a time where you don't love him quite so much, and give him the least bit of a shake to stop his crying, or leave him alone, while you run out to play with your school-fellows, or think it such a tiresome nigling thing to wash and dress the poor mite—those mornings, when mother has one of her bad headaches, and stops in bed for a cup of tea.

Yes, it must be a terrible disappointment, when just as you are going to begin that new book, or con-

his merry fat podgy thing, so



trive those bits of bright silk into a rock for Mary's doll, mother, who has been walking up and down the room ever since tea, dumps her wakeful, noisy little burden into your arms, and says with a sigh, "Here, Katie, *I* can't get him to sleep, *you* try."

Then, there never was such a temptation to give him that sly shake, and say, under one's breath, "What a bother!"

Dear little helpless baby! If he could only tell us of the weary pain in his poor little tender gums, of the long wakeful hour that seems like a whole day to him, as he lies in his cot listening to sister or brother playing in the sunny garden, and with nothing prettier to look at than his empty bottle, that he tries so hard to make somebody understand, he would like to have filled again. Little children, don't neglect baby—he wants more love and attention when he is peevish and fretful than when he is full of fun. Give up dressing Mary's doll to take the little fellow out of his cradle for a nice walk in the sunshine, shut up the new story book—it will be prettier and far more enjoyable after you have sung baby off to sleep and made that happy smile come on poor mother's weary face.

Christ loved little babies, and took them in His arms and blessed them. He knows all their little sorrows, and loves those who try to understand them, too.



ONE day, a very tiny girl was asked if she knew the difference between "obey" and "disobey." "Yes," she answered, nodding her head, "I know: 'obey' is 'good bey,' and 'disobey' is 'naughty bey.'" My advice, dear children, to you is, always be faithful to "good bey," and have nothing to do with "naughty bey." He will bring you into trouble, and will add to the worries of your anxious mothers.



A FAIRY spider spun golden thread,
The fairies saw it, and, laughing, said,
" 'Twill do to cover the baby's head."

Nothing would do but they must devise
The sweetest plan for the baby's eyes—
They stole the blue from out of the skies.



They painted her lips with cherry stain—
On her cheeks the peach's bloom have lain
Fixed so that it won't come out again.

They pressed two dimples in baby's cheek—
A smile from the face of God they seek—
They do all but make the baby speak.

And when they've finished a babe like this,
They give her the sweetest fairy kiss.



SWINGING, swinging, to and fro,
Skies above and sands below,
Laughing like the summer sea,
Merry fisher-maids are we.



HEAVEN AT LAST.



MATTIE and Johnny and baby Tim had been wandering about the streets all the morning—ever since mother came home and gave them a beating for nothing. It was Christmas morning too. They would rather have stayed at home and played with the Christmas tree Mattie had made them out of a bit of Holly she found in the street.

But whenever mother beat them, which she did pretty often, Maggie caught up baby Tim, told Johnny to 'ketch hold' of her skirt, and went rambling about the court; she knew it was best to keep out of her way until she had been to sleep and forgotten all about it. Sometimes a neighbour would give them a bit of bread for breakfast; sometimes they picked some up in the gutter; but this morning nobody had given them anything, and the rain had washed all the refuse and scraps clean away.

Poor children! They were very tired, and the chill rain went through their broken boots, splashed their bare legs, and it was all Mattie could do to keep her ragged skirt tucked round baby Tim. She always thought of him before herself, and he thought quite as much, or more, of her than of his mother.

This particular Christmas morning they had strayed a long way from home, much farther than usual. Mattie's little back was almost bent double with the weight of baby Tim; not exactly with the *weight*, for he was but a mite, but then Mattie herself was not much bigger, and wanted her breakfast so badly.

Presently they turned into a wide street, with a beautiful church in the middle of it, and a spire that went straight up into the dull, murky clouds; in fact, the children could not see quite where it finished because of the fog.

Mattie and Johnny had never seen a church before—they stood staring hard at it; they thought it must be the Queen's Palace, at least.

And again they thought there would be no harm in crossing the road, going up the big steps, and trying to peep through the windows to see what was inside.

Oh dear, the window was out of reach. They could see nothing at all; but they found a cosy corner, out of the rain, and a ledge just big enough to make Tim a little bed. He looked so cold and blue, that





Mattie took off her jacket and pinned round him, and borrowed Johnny's cap — and made it into a little cushion for his head, and laid him down quite comfortable for his morning nap.

"Now let's tell tales," cried Johnny.

"Ain't there a place called Heaven somewheres, Mattie?"

"I 'spects there is; the gentleman as came to see Granny afore she died told about it."

"Can't you 'member about it, too?"

"Yes, yes, I 'member," he said, "as folk as go there are never hungry or thirsty, or dead-beat anymore, but it's singing and ———"

Just then the organ began playing and the people to sing, and someone inside must have lit up the gas, for the big window that they had tried to peep through, and that was so dark and black looking, suddenly turned into the loveliest picture the children had ever seen! A picture of the Saviour with a little child in His arms. Even baby Tim thought it must be somebody who loved children, for he held out his tiny arms as if he wanted to be carried, too.

"Come on," cried Mattie, snatching up the baby. "Come on, Johnny, this is Heaven an' no mistake; we'll get plenty to eat in here."

They groped their way to the door, pushed it open a little bit, just wide enough to see what was going on inside.

Everybody was singing, with their backs turned towards them. Nobody saw the three hungry little faces peering round the doorway. "There's only *one* white angel," whispered Mattie, pointing to the clergyman in his white surplice.

"And there ain't no ragged folks like us," said Johnny, in a

disappointed voice. "I 'specs their rags drop clean off when they gets inside, don't you, Johnny?"

"Come on, let's try."

The singing was over, and the people knelt down to pray. Whether baby Tim was frightened at the strange sights he saw, or whether he could not forget how hungry he was, whatever it was, he began to whimper and cry. The beadle, who sat in a little seat just inside the doorway, looked all round about him, to find out where the voice came from, and at last saw Mattie and Johnny stealing into the Church.



Now, the beadle was dressed in almost as many gay colours as the beautiful figure on the church window, but he had not nearly such a kind, loving face; besides this, he carried a long stick, which he waved to and fro in front of him as he came towards the children to drive them away.

This was not heaven after all, thought Mattie and Johnny, or else the gentleman had told them wrong, for in Heaven everybody was glad to see folks come in.

There was nothing to do but to go out into the streets again, into the rain and the fog, colder and hungrier than ever. The children gave a last longing look back. Just then, the white angel held out his arms, and said in a loud voice that could be heard all over the church:

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

It was all right. Mattie's angel was bidding them come, and angry with the man with the long stick for wanting to drive them away.

"Ketch hold o' me," whispered Mattie to Johnny, giving baby Tim a jerk up on to her shoulder; and Johnny held tight on to her ragged little skirt with his grimy hands, wondering what she was going to do next.

"Quick! come on! he's saying it again." And in they ran, past the beadle, and the people, and the school-children, and the parish clerk, and never stopped till they stood right under the pulpit.

"We've come," said Mattie, out of breath, to the white angel, "and oh, please, we're so hungry!"

The clergyman stopped his sermon, the ladies and gentlemen rose up in their seats, the school children stared, and the beadle was too surprised to do anything at all. At last a kind old lady led them quietly away into the vestry, and let them sit by the fire till the sermon was over.

Oh, what a happy Christmas morning that was! Everybody wanted to take them home to dinner; everybody gave pennies, and some of the folks even spared their own warm things to wrap round their wet little bodies. What was better than all, they never went back to their miserable home anymore.

Long years after, when Mattie and Johnny and Tim were grown up, they loved to tell other poor children how the Saviour, like a tender Shepherd, led their little wandering, weary feet safely into His fold. "It was like Heaven, after all," Mattie would say, for we have never been hungry or thirsty anymore."

L. Haskell.



CAN YOU TELL?

ONE is brown and one is black,
One's called Billy, one's called Jack;
"My two bunnies," said Miss Milly,
"Can you tell me which is Billy?"

Though I must seem very silly,
I don't know, Miss, which is Billy;
Is he brown, or is he black?
Also, which of them is Jack?

Which is Billy?

Who is black?

Who is brown?

And which is Jack?



"My two bunnies,"
said Miss Milly,
"Can you tell me
which is Billy?"



APRIL.



N a cosy farmyard, one balmy day in April, just after a nice, refreshing shower had fallen, everything seemed cheerful and happy. The little baby ducks were eagerly picking up all the worms they could find, the hens were clucking and the cocks crowing, and everything looked pleased with itself—all except three grumbly little children, two girls and one boy! Nellie wouldn't play at this, Bessy wouldn't play at that, and Robbie would play at nothing.

"Well, children," said their mother, coming out of the cow-shed with a frothing pail of milk in her hand, "What's the matter? been quarrelling?" "No, mother," said Nellie, "but we don't know what to do with ourselves." "Well! let me think," said their mother. "Oh, I know! you are all very fond of Janet, the haymaker, aren't you?" "Yes, yes, mother!" they all cried; "we love old Janet, she lets us do just what we like." "Well then, children, she is very ill, poor old woman, with the rheumatism again; suppose you all three go and gather her some flowers, primroses or something, and I'll fill up a basket with butter and eggs, and you can take it to her." "Oh, mother! that we will," they all cried. Off they ran to the meadow, where the primroses and cowslips were growing as thick as a carpet; Robbie kept letting his fall as fast as he gathered them, so at last he contented himself with filling Nellie's arms. "I'm sure, that's enough now," said he, "let's be off home again." And each of them ran their quickest, eager to get the basket first.

"Here we are, mother; can I carry it?" said Bessy. "Oh, no! me, mother," said Robbie. "Oh, mother, I think I should have it," said Nellie, and they three clutched hold of the little basket. "Gently, gently," said their mother, "you'll break the eggs between you; you



GOLDEN HOURS.

must wait till I put the flowers in. There now, it does look pretty! And, Nellie, you can carry it as you will walk the quietest; those other two jump over every stone they come across, and mind and be gentle with poor old Janet, and don't stay long." Away they went, Nellie carrying the basket very cautiously, till they came to the old haymaker's cottage. "Tap, tap, tap," rapped Robbie's knuckles on the door. "Come in," said a feeble old voice, and Robbie lifted the latch and the three walked in. "Oh, children, is it you?" said Janet; "come here, come close to me. Oh, but it does my old heart good to see you! And did you think of poor old Janet, lying here all by herself?" she asked as she kissed and patted the three heads that were so dear to her.

"Mother thought you would like to see us," said Nellie, "and she has sent you some butter and eggs." "Oh, bless your mother, children, for she's a good friend to me. And where did the flowers come from?" "I pulled some," said Bessy. "And I pulled a whole lot," said Robbie. "We got them in the meadow," said Nellie, "where shall I put them for you, Janet?" "In that blue China bowl, Nellie; it is one your mother gave me, so I value it, put them in that. Ah! children, you have just been like three little fairies to poor old Janet this morning, and just wait till the hay is ready, won't we have some fun that's all?" said Janet, nodding her head at them. "Oh, you'll let us toss it, won't you, Janet?" "Yes, yes! see if I don't," said Janet. And they began talking and laughing, and forgot all about the time, till suddenly Nellie said: "Oh, mother said we were not to stay long, so we must be off, Janet." "Good-bye, good-bye!" they cried, "mind, and eat all the butter and eggs, Janet!" "Good-bye! my pets," said Janet. "God bless you!" she said, as they shut the door gently, and ran home.





AT THE GATE.

The Brown Maiden



LITTLE brown maiden lives
in a cave,
By the side of the deep blue sea;
She never was young and she
never was old,
Yet a maiden she'll always be.



Her hair is brown and her eyes
are brown,
And her dress is of brown seaweed,
She's in a brown study
from morning till night,
Yet she neither can write nor
read.

And, every day, the little god Love
Comes and fetches the maiden away;
Together they travel o'er land and sea,
Together their pranks they play.

"O leave me, O leave me,
I long to be free!"
Ever cries the poor little Love
"You spoil the gift that
I give to men,
The gift that I bring
from above."



"O maiden, away! For my
beautiful gift
You cover with doubts and fears;
With smiles I visit the
haunts of men,
You turn the smiles into tears."

And what is the name of this maiden brown,
Who lives by the side of the sea?
Alas! She has told it to us herself,
For her name is Jealousy.

Yet we cling to our dear little god of Love,
For we know that he'll live for aye,
Whilst Jealousy, born of the world of sin,
Will bid us good-bye some day.

Helen. B. May.



REDPOLE.

PRINCESS CLAIRE

AND THE CROW.



ES, the garden door was certainly unlocked. Of course, it must have been somebody's fault: either the gardener or his boy. Perhaps the stable cat, or the groom of the conservatories. Maybe, even the Queen herself might have passed through and forgotten to fasten it again.

Even the prime minister and the home secretary were puzzled, as to who should be executed, for, as the result proved to be so unfortunate, the original mistake was, most certainly, a crime.

At any rate, the door *was* ajar, and yielded to a push from little Princess Claire, who had strayed down the broad, white marble steps of the terrace, to wander in the garden. She was quite pleased to see the door, that had always looked so uncompromisingly fast closed before, between its moss-grown stone columns, open suddenly at the touch of her tiny white fingers.

She had been feeling just a little sad. Everything had seemed to go askew that sunny June morning. Firstly, she had felt very sleepy and arisen later than usual, to find that her favourite cranes had break-

fasted without her, and, seeming to take umbrage at her unpunctuality, had flown off on a journey; their long legs trailing behind them, their eyes half-closed in languid displeasure. At least that was what Amaryllis (the maid whose duty it was to bury the dead roses) told her. Then, again, she had hurried across the lawn to kiss and touch some glorious, tawny marigolds; but their scent was coarse and evil, and repelled her. And even when, by dint of strenuous tiptoeing, she had succeeded in bending to her own, without breaking its stalk, the face of a tall, white lily, the stamens powdered her nose and upper lip with gold. She looked so funny, that a tiny bird, clinging to a lotus-stalk by the fountain's edge, laughed till he nearly choked himself with the seed he had been picking out of the dry capsule.

"And it really serves you right, you rude little thing," said Princess Claire, "I'm sure, you look *quite* as absurd now as I did, and I shan't pat you on the back."

So, turning her back on the bird, who still alternately choked and giggled, she walked, in as dignified a manner as she could, across the garden; stopping to smile approvingly at the clipped yew peacock, who seemed to see nothing at all ridiculous in her appearance. "And yet, you're *very* uninteresting," she thought (but she did not say this aloud for fear of hurting his feelings).

And it was then, she noticed, that the great nail-studded door stood the least little bit open.

One push, and there was just room for the small figure to squeeze through.

"I haven't my sun-bonnet," she said. "Never mind; that cedar-wood looks dark and shady. I wonder, shall I find the beautiful things and different flowers there that old Bruno told me about?"

Little Princess Claire crossed the piece of coarse straggling grass that lay between her and the dim cedar wood. She stepped in between the dull red columns, wandering hither and thither, without finding any flower, or seeing any lovely vine-crowned head peeping out at her smiling from behind the trunks.

The wood was chilly and sad. She shivered as she missed the warm



glory of the sun which she had scarcely noticed before; and, looking down on her little loose garment, it struck her as something strange and scarcely pleasant that it looked an ugly grey colour in the half-light. Nor were there any butterflies at all, nor darting squirrels in the trees.

"I don't believe," she cried, (and her voice sounded curiously far-off and thin to her ears) "I don't believe there is a single bird to speak to!" She had scarcely spoken when she heard a faint rustling, and a great black feather fell on her gown.

Raising her eyes she met those of a large glossy crow, who was sitting on a bow not half-a-yard above her and peering fixedly into her face. They were strange eyes: yellow, like jewels, with a steady flame in them, and such black centres!

Princess Claire and the crow looked at one another, without speaking, for quite a minute. Her mind was divided between two things. In the first place, she was trying to think of something suitable and courteous to say; and, secondly, she could not make up her mind as to whether she most liked or disliked, admired or shrank from, this weird creature who, swiftly laying his head on one side, said to her, in a soft smooth voice, without one touch of hoarseness in it, "I am well pleased, indeed, fair little lady, that your wayward feet have brought you to my quiet home. What is it that you would ask me, or what service would you have me render you? I have waited so long, so long, for the sight of your curly, gold head; but I have said always, 'Oh, yes, she will surely come. Only a little child, it is true, but wise and gracious, far beyond her seven springs, in very truth. She will weary of those foolish, chattering creatures that circle around her in the sun, and, then, she will long for the marvels I can unfold to her, the wondrous stories *I* alone can whisper in her ear,'" and, as he spoke, the light in his eyes seemed to flame and glisten, till Princess Claire could hardly bear to look upon them, and yet so strong was their charm that she could not turn aside her own.



PRINCESS CLAIRE.

"But my birds are not all foolish," she said; "certainly there is one who made me angry only this morning—" "Angry!" broke in the crow eagerly. "But *I* shall never make you angry, nor thwart you, my pretty baby-princess; my task will be to make you happy, as happy as you will be sweet and gracious!" Somehow the crow's laugh, though it was very soft and melodious, was not quite so pleasant to listen to as his voice. It had a note in it that, somehow, made Princess Claire think of the day, when she had picked up an exquisite coil of sapphire and topaz, and, finding it chill and clammy to the touch, had quickly let it fall, and watched it writhe itself away into the long grass, with much the same feelings of mingled shuddering and pleasure as this queer bird awoke in her. Her round, blue eyes dwelt doubtfully upon the sombre shining shape above her, as she answered—her little hands clasping and unclasping themselves uneasily behind her, her bronze curls flung back, and her dimpled chin lifted incredulously, "I'm afraid I don't quite understand; it's very good of you to trouble about it, but *how* could you make me happy? I *am* happy, at least, nearly always," and she thought regretfully of her offended cranes, and of the rich, rank marigolds.

The crow sidled persuasively down the bough with an undulating slide, until his eyes were within six inches of her face.

"Take me home with you, Princess Claire," he murmured. "Lovely, charming little Princess Claire, take me home on your shoulder to the great white palace among the olive trees; there I will make your life far more beautiful than now. Send away your old favourites, and listen to my teachings. I will teach you wisdom and pleasure—pleasure and wisdom. Ah'h!" And he stretched his neck and flapped his wings. "Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure! Take me home, dainty little lady; only take me with you, and we will not part any more."

And, indeed, before she was aware, he had hopped, with a lightness and grace truly marvellous in so unwieldy a bird, on to her shoulder.

"But who are you—what is your name, I mean?" she said, as she turned, half-unconsciously, homeward, thinking meantime that this strange creature was a vastly pleasant companion, and not nearly so black or so

heavy as he had appeared on the tree—really his eyes were beautiful, and how glossy and smooth was his plumage !

“I am called Ego (Self),” he answered, rubbing his head against the princess’s soft pink cheek. “Everyone knows me and my brothers ; the king, your father, too—oh, *he* knew me very well, indeed, once upon a time.”

So little Princess Claire carried home the crow to the fair white palace among the olive trees ; and, by degrees, it happened that all her old companions were banished for this sombre favourite. The two became more and more inseparable day by day, and the crow was well content ; he wore a band of blood-red rubies clasped about his shining throat now, and he never left the princess—never.

But though the bird grew fatter and sleeker, still, it was not so well with his little mistress. Her pretty baby face grew thin and sharp ; her tiny red mouth, that used to look like a half-blown pomegranate blossom, grew drawn and fretful ; her sweet voice became peevish and querulous. No longer did her small hands scatter gifts and lavish caresses as before ; nor did her clear child eyes look out upon her people with their old loving serenity. No ; Princess Claire was changed—woefully changed, indeed ; and everyone believed it was the evil influence of the mysterious new playmate that had wrought this grievous mischief. The old court physician was called and came, looking wondrous wise in his long black gown trimmed with fur. But he only blinked behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, and suggested that the little princess needed, perhaps, change, or more dolls, or harder lessons, or lighter amusements. And then he timidly remarked that it might be just possible that the companion she had chosen was of too sombre a complexion and sedentary habits to be altogether a suitable playmate. On hearing this, the crow, who was



sitting in the broad window seat with Princess Claire, gave the doctor a look, gleaming with concentrated malice, and nestled closer, with an appealing air, against the child's sharp little shoulder. She stroked the bird's glossy back that shone like deep black waters in the sunshine, and said, No, she would not have her pet sent away, so fretfully, that the king (this was in the Golden Age, you know, when parents obeyed their children)



signed to the doctor to say nothing more on *that* subject. Lastly, the doctor gave Princess Claire a dried toad in a little bag to hang round her neck, blinking and muttering strange long words the while, and then departed with as much dignity and grace as he had arrived.

And all the people were very sad, for everyone had loved, and rejoiced in, the beauty and sweetness of their dear little princess.

But it chanced that, one warm, clear autumn day, as the child was sitting at her window, she heard faint, sweet notes, as if struck idly from a lute by some skilled, careless hand; and leaning down, she saw a stranger whose like she had never seen before. His head was crowned with pale, thorny wild roses; his purple mantle glowed like the heart of an amethyst; a white dove sat on his shoulder, and his feet were bare. And he wandered on, on, on, till he passed up the broad marble steps, traversed the white staircase, and stood before her. And the crow shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and shrank away into the shadow, as the stranger turned his lustrous eyes upon it. Princess Claire started, and stretched out her little hands, sighing:

"Oh, why did you never come to me before? Who are you, beautiful youth? And where do you come from?"

"An hundred names have I, and in as many fashions do men know me; and some there are who dream they know me, and never have seen me at all. Some call me Eros (Love), and I come from the Garden of Eden. Gladly would I help you, little maiden; gladly see you sit, frank and fair, in the sunlight, with no black friend beside you. Nay, banish yon dark

harbinger of hate and woe, and take instead for playmate this fair white dove ; she will surely counsel and comfort you."

The white dove flew into the bosom of the child, and nestled there. A rosy mist filled the chamber ; and when it melted, the crow had disappeared through the open casement, and the stranger had vanished ; only Princess Claire heard in the distance, growing fainter and fainter, the soft, sweet tones of his lute.

The crow returned not, and the dove abode with Princess Claire ; and all the court and all the people rejoiced exceedingly, because the princess was her own fair sunny self once more.

Helen F. Wood.



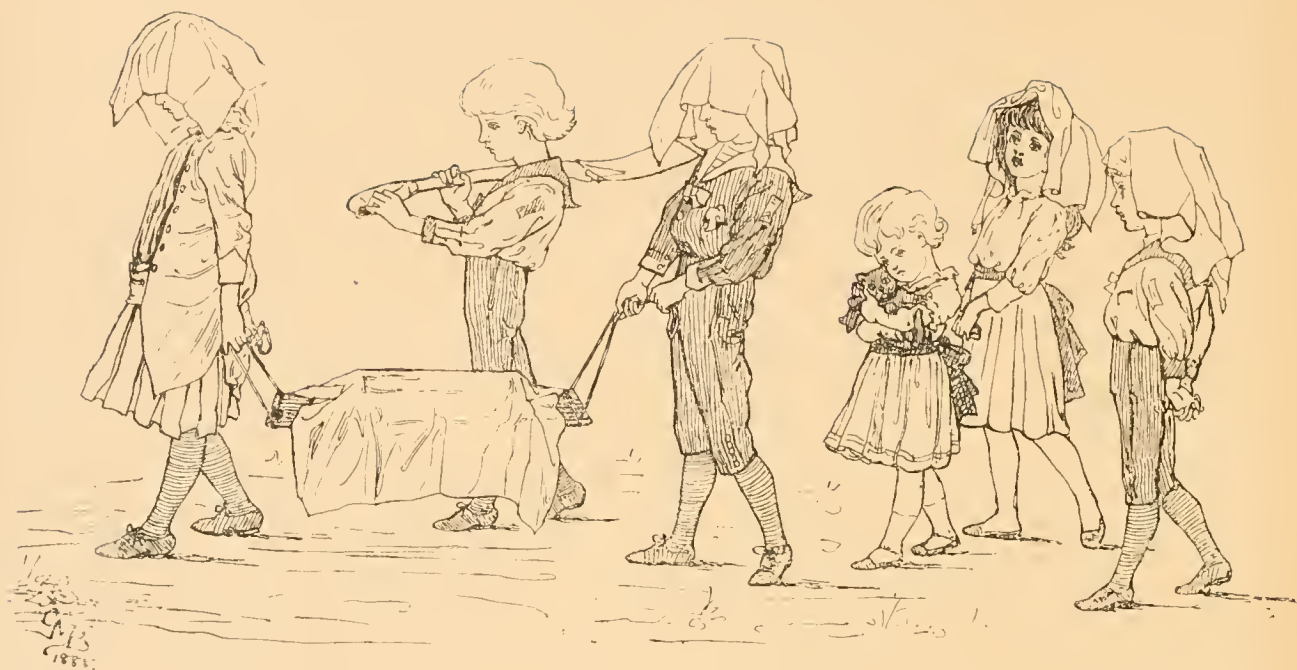
"*W*HAT a keen and just judgment the wind has," said a sheaf of wheat to his brother, as they stood waiting to be threshed.

"See how he finds out the chaff, not a particle escapes him."

"I see he *is* keen and perfectly just, I own," said the other, "but how much happier the sieve must be. That does the same work quite as well, with this difference : he holds the corn, and lets the chaff go !"

"*Y*OU'VE an easy life of it," grumbled the frying-pan to the kettle, "only to boil a little water."

"I do what is given me to do, and I sing over *my* work ; perhaps you do more than I, but see how you splutter over it."



Pussy's Funeral

COME away! Come away,
 Children, hush your merry play,
 Come away with quiet tread,
 Pussy's dead!

Weep, flowers, your tears of dew,
 She will purr no more for you,
 No more wake you from your bed,
 Pussy's dead!

Wind, whisper where she lies,
 With her little closed eyes,
 Whisper round her flowery bed,
 Pussy's dead!

THREE FISHERS.

PRAY, little fishermen, how do you fare?
How many fish have you caught down there?
"We've both been fishing the whole of the day,
But we haven't caught any as yet," said they;



We're fishing and fishing with all our might,
But, somehow or other, the fish won't bite."

FORSAKEN,

OR

THE TROUBLES OF A DOLL.



I AM but a poor old doll, I know ; but *once* I was such a beauty ! Now

I am never noticed or dressed in fine clothes, for my mistress, Miss Fanny, has got a new pet. Last Wednesday was her birthday, and her aunt brought her a large wax doll from Paris, with such lovely curly hair. How I wish my hair would curl, and that I had seen Paris ! Miss Fanny said, when she brought me her lovely new doll to admire, "You are an

ugly old thing. You have no nice curls and pink cheeks ; your nose is broken, and you look such a fright. Besides, you have no manners, and have not come from Paris. But you will do to wait upon my new darling."

Before my mistress got her new doll, she was always dressing me in something new and pretty. *Then* I was very much admired. Now she has given all my best dresses to my rival. I think it very cruel of her, because the Princess has such lovely things already—"the Princess," you know, is the name she has given to her new pet, though I don't see why she should have such a grand name. Before she appeared, nothing was too good for me, and I was nursed and petted as if I were an only child ; but now Miss Fanny leaves me about with only a few things on, and I find it so cold.



I don't like the Princess at all. *I* don't think her so very pretty : she has such large, staring eyes ; besides, her nose turns up. Her ways, too, are so very strange. My mistress says they are French, but I don't like them any the better for that. She is so proud. She won't have anything to do with me, but gives herself all sorts of airs.

I wish Master Tom would rub her face, as he did mine once, for *I believe* she paints. I certainly shall not wait upon her. Oh, how different it used to be when I was young and pretty ! I wonder why dolls get old. I would much rather have always remained young. How naughty I am getting ! I used not to think like this before the Princess came.

I wonder whether poor Jack ever thinks about me now. Jack is a sailor doll that I often used to meet. He always smiled at me, and, do you know? I think he loves me. But you must not tell anyone. Of course he does not like to say so before so many strangers. *He* does not think me old and ugly; of that I am certain, because the very last time I met him, he gave me as sweet a smile as ever.

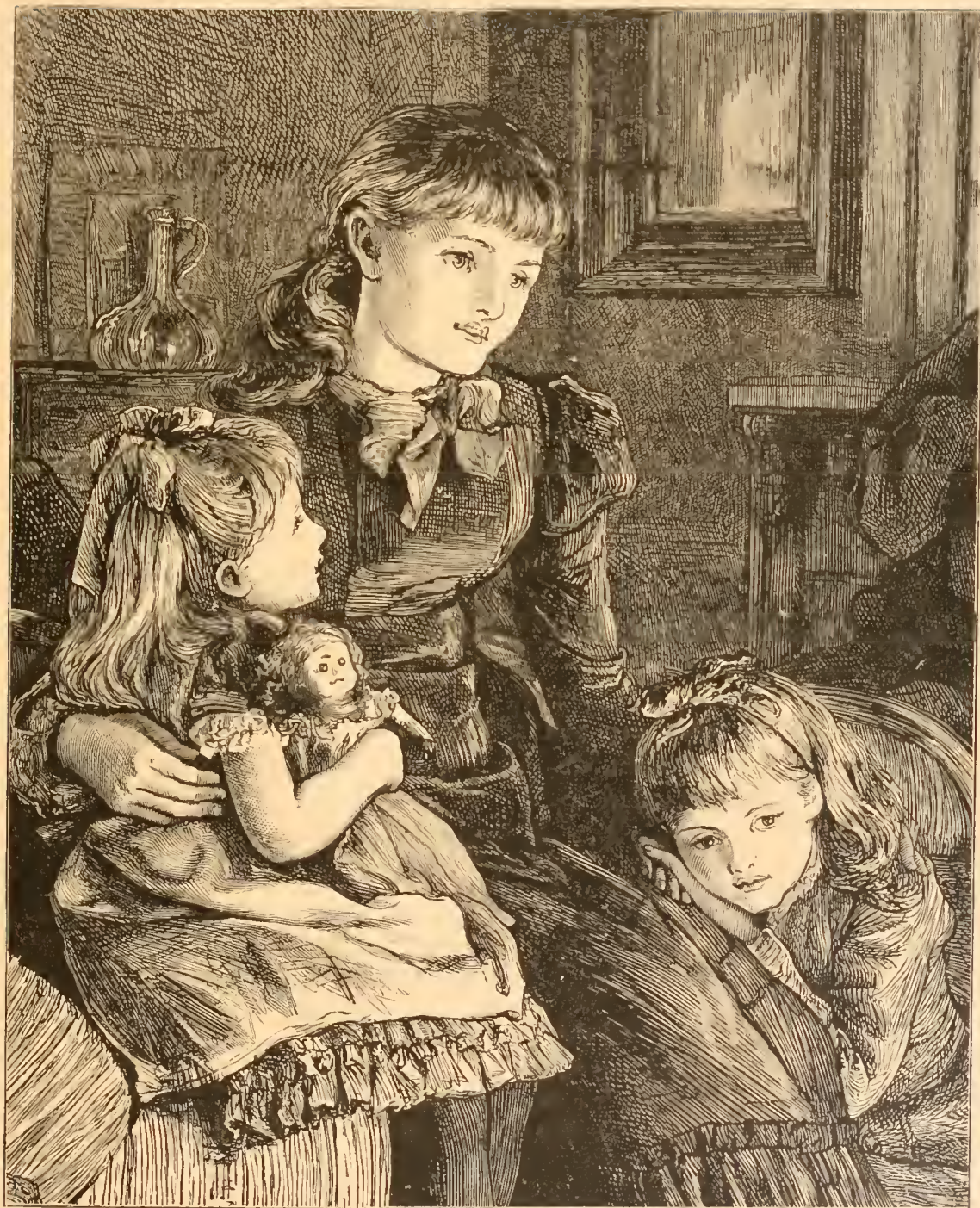
There goes my mistress! I hope she won't pass me by; I will try and look so nice, and will even smile at the Princess, for I see she has got her in her arms. No, she has not even looked at me! I wonder if she knows how unhappy I am. I wish I could speak, for then I would tell her how much I love her, and how good I will be if she will only take me out with her to-day, instead of her new favourite. Why, she is getting out my prettiest winter's frock! She must have understood me, and I am going to be taken into favour again. I hope she will kiss me, as she used to. How proud I shall be! I shall tell all the dolls I meet that my mistress has a beautiful doll at home, but that she still prefers me.

Oh, dear! the clothes were not for me after all, for Miss Fanny is actually putting them on the Princess. I don't think she looks half so nice in them as I did. But there is no accounting for some people's tastes. My mistress seems to think her a perfect beauty. She is stroking her curls, and hugging and kissing her, and calling her all sorts of pretty names, and has not given *me* a single look!

Oh, but I *hate* her! Nobody cares for me any longer. She is to be the one taken to the Park now; and perhaps she will see Jack there, and he will smile upon her, while I am left in this cold room, alone and forsaken.

Emmie.





PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

DISENCHANTMENT.



E'VE been for a stroll,
We two,
The people outside
To view ;
But the way they received us,
Has very much grieved us—
A fact, this, though sad
Too true.

The first thing we saw,
We two,
Was that troublesome bird,
Whose cru-
El crowing by night
Breaks our sleep soft and light ;
And we thought we should pay him
His due.

But he said something like
"Doodle-doo,"
And he ran and he hopped
And he flew,
And he pecked us and scratched us,
And almost despatched us ;
So we wished him good morning,
We two.



Then we hastened to see
Places new,
While that terrible bird
Loudly crew :
But we suddenly spied
Something trying to hide ;
So of course we felt bound
To pursue.

But we halted at once,
We two,
When that creature said, "Miou
Miou ;"
And it clawed us so sadly,
And used us so badly,
That we have come home
To you.



GRITTY'S FARTHING.

REAK, creak, creak, went the churchwarden's boots as they tip-toed about the church. Chink, chink, went the sixpences and shillings, slipping from the hands of the congregation into the velvet bags that the churchwardens passed from pew to pew. Chink, chink, chink !

Five minutes later several pairs of boots creaked up the aisle in a little procession. One by one the velvet bags were deposited on a gold plate—a ceremony that took longer than usual this morning, because of a charity sermon that had just been preached by the bishop. The plate was then laid aside until service was concluded.

In the thinnest and flattest of the bags (the one that had gone the round of the free seats) lay a bright new sovereign which the worthy bishop had contributed himself; the only other occupant was a farthing, who was staring the bishop's sovereign almost out of countenance.

"You can look, but don't touch," cried the sovereign. "I'm a Jubilee, and very particular."

"Sorry, sir, I'm sure, but you bring to mind a fellow farthing I met once at a fried-fish shop: his face was just as shiny as yours."

The sovereign flashed a disdainful look at the farthing, who certainly had a disreputable look about him—what with a hole in his forehead, and a patch of verdigris on his coat, and a battered come-down-in-the-world appearance all over him.

"You're a farthing, I presume?" ventured the sovereign, after a long spell of silence.

"That's so, sir, and as hard-working and honest a farthing as one could meet in a day's march—always ready to fly here or there and do anybody a good turn; and whether it's an 'errin' or a horange, a drop o' milk for baby, or beer for the bigger folks, Lor' bless you, I gets good weight and measure. As for the sweetstuff shops, why, I knows 'em all with my eyes shut."

"My acquaintance with your specie is very limited," said the sovereign

proudly; "but to judge from appearances, you seem to have knocked about a good bit."

"That's not the word for it, sir. I've seen so much poverty, and so many ups and downs, I used to think life scarce worth living. If it wasn't for Gritty, I should have rolled into the canal and ha' done with it long ago."

"Who's Gritty?"



"Ah! that's through being a sovereign that you don't know Gritty. She's a sort o' little angel

in a blue pinafore and patchy boots.

Gritty lives in Simon's Alley, and does kind things before folks ask her, looks after their babies, fetches and carries their washing, and takes a blind old woman to church every Sunday. That's how I came to be here. Lor' bless you, if any one had told me a half hour ago I should ha' been in this bag talking to you, sir, I wouldn't have believed 'em, for I knowed how Gritty had set her heart on a stick o' Black Jack."

"A stick of what?" cried the sovereign, with a shudder.

"Black Jack: treacle stuff, rolled into a paper, like a squib, that sticks to your teeth when you chump it. Well, it was a toss-up for Black Jack or whelks. Gritty's mother likes whelks; and the lame child

on the second floor back likes the sweet stuff; but she no sooner hears the parson say somethin' about 'help the starvin' children' than she squeezed me up tight, and said, with a kind o' ketch in her voice, 'I must, I must!' and in I went, hot and warm, out of her little hand into the velvet bag."

"What about—the——?"

"Black Jack, sir? Lor' bless 'ee, she'll go without it, that's nothing. The worst of it is, she'll be looking out for her poor '*farden*,' as she calls me, from morning to night; she knows me well, owing to this, sir," said the farthing, drawing attention to the verdigris that obliterated his features. "Sometimes she'll say, when she's waiting for her change at the chandler's shop, 'if you've got a little shabby farden in the till wi' a hole in it,' I'd like that best."

"Well," said the sovereign, who was interested in spite of himself, "I'm afraid she'll look in vain for you now; you're in quite another set."

"Oh dear!" sighed the farthing; then, as if to change his thoughts, he said, "May I ask, how your time is employed, sir?"

"Well, er, it's all much of a muchness with me. Sometimes I procure fine clothes and amusements, and sometimes I go to pay bills that there's a good deal of snarling about, and—"

"And have you any particular friend, sir, anybody like Gritty?"

"No, I think not. People like me for what they get out of me."

The rest of the conversation was cut short by the bag being carried away, and its contents hurriedly overturned; and in the clatter and confusion the farthing and the sovereign became separated altogether.

"How much for this wreath of white lilies?"—"One guinea, sir."

"Well, send it to this address by two o'clock sharp."

The customer turned abruptly away; the florist proceeded to tie up the wreath, standing at his open door as he did so.—"Now, Missus, what are you doing, turning my flowers upside down; what do you want?"

"Only a daisy, or the least bit of flower; I ain't got much to pay for it: only this."

"We don't trade with farthings this end of the town. There, there. Don't 'ee cry. Here's some daisies. No, no, never mind the farthing; take 'em for love."

"Please let me pay for 'em; I'd like to pay for them with this, sir."

"Well, well! here's a white rose into the bargain. Who's dead then?"

"Gritty, Gritty, my only child, and me a widow!"

"Poor soul!" said the florist to his wife, who was nursing a bouncing baby at the back of the shop. Another customer came forward, the florist tossed the farthing and the sovereign into the till, and so they met again.

If anything, the farthing was more disreputable-looking than ever: for a coating of mud had dried upon what was once the best side of his coat, and the verdigris on the other side had spread considerably. Regardless of his old friend, the Jubilee sovereign, he rolled to the back of the till, fell flat on his face and wept.

"I know your grief, sir," said the sovereign, making towards him through a crowd of sixpences and shillings.

"I heard all about it as I lay in the doctor's pocket at the hospital: how your little friend was run over in Simon's Alley, with you in her hand."

"Oh, oh," cried the farthing, "that's what hurts, to think as I should be the cause of it!"

"Not at al', the blind beggar was the cause of it; she was running to give you to him."

"Not at first, sir. She had just come across me at the sweet shop, after a whole month's absence, and was tearing home to show me to mother. Then, all at once, she saw the blind beggar; and now I shall never buy her anything again. To think as a flower for her coffin was the last!"

"Yes, and I worried my young doctor to buy that lovely wreath of lilies, for, he says, he never met a sweeter, more unselfish child than Gritty. I heard him tell the nurses he half believed God sometimes lets the angels come from Heaven to show folks what real goodness is."

Once more the florist went to his till. "Look, wife, here's a Jubilee at last, and a holey farthing close beside him! Put 'em both by in baby's stocking; 'twill bring the rascal luck, and no mistake."

Lottie Haskell.

IN THE FIELDS.

*I*T'S far the pleasantest kind of play
To run in the fields on a sweet Spring day.

To pick the May that grows in the lane,
To gather the daisies and make a chain.

To pluck the flowers at the water's edge,
To make a picnic under the hedge.

To lie in the grass and roll about;
To call to each other with merry shout.

We always feel so happy
and good,
We'd *live* in the meadows
if we could.



THE DAILY NEWS.



S· AID I, "little maidens,
Will you tell me, pray,
Little maidens," said I,
"The news of the day?"

My good sir," said they,
"We will tell it you true.
Said they, "my good sir,
We will tell it to you,

"Last night Mother Hubbard
Devoured in her cupboard
The whole of a gooseberry pie;
An owl who knew her,
Said, 'Mother, I'm sure,
It's a mercy there's nobody by.'"

Said I, "little maidens,
D'you think that it's true?
I, really, can scarcely
Believe it, can you?"

Said they, "my good sir,
It's as true as a book—
You can see for yourself,
If you only will look."





JOHNNY BULLFIELD.



"*HAT* a bother to have to sit here, mother!" said Johnny Bullfield, who was sitting bare-legged on the table, while his patient mother mended his torn knickerbockers.

There was such a sunny sky overhead this bright September afternoon; and his school-fellows had asked him to go with them on a secret expedition to old Farmer Roy's orchard.

It was most tantalising.

If it had been a wet day now, and his mother had asked him to stay in, it would have been different. It was just the way at school, whenever he was kept in it was sure to be a lovely day and something unusually exciting going on with the other boys.

But Johnny loved his mother. He was not a very obedient boy, perhaps, as a rule, and was often in disgrace at school, but he very seldom disobeyed his mother.

"It *is* a bother!" repeated Johnny, with a sigh.

"Never mind," answered Mrs. Bullfield, gently. "I'll be as quick as I can. You must remember, Johnny, it's your own fault for climbing the cherry-tree."

"Mother!"

"Yes?"

"Old Roy said he would send me to prison if ever he caught me stealing his apples again. Do you think he *really* will?"

Johnny was a brave boy, and the thought that his companions might at this very moment be in danger, if not of prison, at any rate of old Roy's big whip, filled him with great apprehension for them.

Before Mrs. Bullfield had time to answer Johnny's question, there was a clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and Farmer Roy himself was at the cottage door.



"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bullfield," said he.

Johnny turned white, as the thought of the prison flashed across his mind.

"Good afternoon, sir!"

"Those precious young rascals have been at my fruit again. I'm going to give them a lesson!" And he cracked his whip significantly in the air.

"I don't think boys count it as harm, sir," began Mrs. Bullfield, looking very distressed.

"Hullo! has Johnny sneaked home?" interposed he.

"No, sir; I had some clothes of his to mend, and told him to stay in. He's a good lad, and minded me. I'm sure, sir, he'd no intention of stealing your fruit."

Johnny leapt down off the table, trembling in every limb.

"Yes, I had, mother! If you had not told me to stay in I was going with the other boys——"

"*What!*" cried Farmer Roy.

"I'm very sorry, sir; but on my honour I'll not touch them again, if you'll let the boys off this time."

Farmer Roy took off his hat, wiped it round inside with his handkerchief, stuck it on his head, and remained silent a moment.

"Humph!" he said, looking from Mrs. Bullfield to Johnny; "a boy that isn't afraid to tell the truth, and that obeys his mother and stays in on a day like this, is to be trusted. Look here, Johnny, you're a brave lad, and a credit to your mother."

Johnny's face was all aglow.

"I'll let the rascals off this time, and what's more I'll wait until you're mended up, and you shall come along with me to the orchard, where I'll show you the trees I want spared. You're a boy of honour, and now I feel my fruit is safe."

This bright September afternoon was the happiest day Johnny had ever spent, and on waving his cap to his mother, as he drove off at Farmer Roy's side, he tasted the sweet fruits of obedience.





The good and kind woman
She saw the girl and took her hand



A DIFFERENT 'POINT OF VIEW'

Baby lay flat in the cushioned arm-chair;
 Staring as hard as a baby can stare;
 Pussy-cat sat by the fire, on the rug,
 Staring at him with a wondering shrug;
 "Why what *can* they see
 - ('Tis a puzzle to me)
 In a creature as silly as silly can be?"

⁶⁶**M**y little kitten could caper and run,
 You haven't in you one atom of fun;
 Fluff would sit daintily washing her face,
 You don't mind looking a perfect disgrace,
 Your eyes are not blue,
 And you can't even mew,
 Yet they drowned my poor Kitty, and did not drown you!



Baby grew tired of lying quite still,
 Twisted his face up, and cried with a will;
 Pussy slipped stealthily out at the door,
 Said, "this 'tis more than one's bound to endure,
 You cross little muff!
 They'll be sorry enough,
 I'm sure, that they kept you instead of my Fluff."



QUESTIONS

Mother, can you tell me why
Stars don't tumble
from the sky?
Does God fix them, close and tight,
In their places every night?

Mother darling, do you know,
In the morning, where they go?
P'r'aps the baby angels play
Daisy chains with them all day.
S'pose the sun, at night time, said,
"I don't want to stop in bed,"
O'er the world began to peep,
When he should be fast asleep:
Who'd blow out the big white moon
If the sun got up too soon?

Somehow, mother did not speak,
Only kissed her darling's cheek,
Held him tightly to her breast,
Laid him gently down to rest.



ONE OF GRANNIE'S TALES.

“TEN” years ago when your aunt Sophy and I were little,” said Grandmother.

“How many?” we cried, one after another, like a tribe of Poll Parrots.

“Too many for such giddy heads to reckon back; besides, I forget the exact year myself. This I do know, that it was the thirty-first day of March.”

“How can you recollect the date so well, Granny?”

“Easily enough, children: for brother Jack had come home from his first cruise that very morning, and I was entering the date in a little book he had brought me, or trying to do so, for Sophy was whirling round like a tee-totum, and Jack holding poor Toby by the end of his tail—to test his pluck, as he called it. All at once Sophy looked over my shoulder to see what I was writing.

“‘It’s not the thirtieth, it’s the thirty-first of March: isn’t it, Jack?’

“Jack reversed Toby, scratched his mischievous, curly head, thought for a moment: ‘Yes, Sophy’s right’; then, with a wild war whoop, and tossing poor little doggie to the ceiling like a ball of white wool, he said: ‘I say, girls, you must turn out at five sharp to-morrow morning if you want to see the show!’

“‘What show?’

“‘Why the Royal Beasts of Burden, belonging to King Cockolorum of Africa.’

“‘Going through our lane?’

“Jack nodded and buried his head in Toby’s back.

“‘Do, *do* tell us about them: their names and everything. I shall get up, won’t you, Sophy?’

“‘And me, too! Let me go, too,’ said tiny Bessy.

“‘Yes, yes, you shall go, too. Now Jack, tell us what is coming?’

“‘There’s the one-eyed griffin, the double-tailed dragon, the weeping crocodile, the speckled unicorn, and a whole string of ’em.’

“‘Now, Jack, you’re poking fun at us!’ we cried.

“‘Well, get up and see for yourselves.’ With a long, shrill whistle Jack sprang through the window and was gone.

“You may be sure we got up early next morning—indeed, I doubt if any of us slept much all night, for in those old-fashioned days a show was a great sight to a country child. Once in the garden, I remember clambering on to the wall thinking I should see everything beautifully as it turned the corner. Sophy, who was more timid than I was, kept close to the gate, with Bessie clinging to her frock, both of them ready to fly instantly if the sight were too much for their nerves.

“We waited a long time; but nothing unusual happened.

“‘Hush!’ said Sophy. We listened—Yes, at last there *was* something coming a long way off, a sound like somebody sighing a lot of big sighs one after the other as fast as they could. Then the sighs grew louder, like animals panting and groaning: nearer and nearer they came, the ground seemed to shake under us, as if the animals were treading very heavily indeed.

“‘Jack! Jack!’ we screamed at the top of our voices; ‘quick, quick! they’re coming!’ In our hurry to rush down to the gate we had forgotten to wake brother Jack, and feared he would lose the sight altogether.

“‘Oh!’ said Sophy, ‘what a shame!’ For the sound was going away, getting unmistakeably fainter and fainter and farther and farther off, till it was completely gone. ‘What a shame for it to go by another way after all! I’m sure it was the procession. Let’s go and tell Jack.’

“Just then something, all legs and arms, flew over the hedge and flapped down like a big bird in the middle of the road, right in front of us. ‘*What’s the date Sophy?*’ it said, grinning. Of course, then we knew Jack had played us a trick, because it was the first of April!”

“O Grandma, I hope you payed him back for it,” we children cried out, “but what *was* the noise you and Aunt Sophy heard?”

“That, my dears, was the first railway we ever heard in our lives, and the first that ever ran through our village—a far greater wonder than Jack’s procession, and so we told him.



A REGULAR TURK.



A BABY KING.



NOW I think I know what most little children imagine about a king : that he is a very great personage, indeed ! who wears a gold crown on his hat all day long, and a mantle of scarlet and blue cloth, sweeping from his shoulders to the floor, bordered with a white kind of fur with little black dots on it, called ermine.

That he does nothing at all, only sits upon a throne, and looks down on the people who kneel in crowds at his feet.

If they bring him anything to eat or drink, they bring it in dishes and cups of gold and silver, and offer it on one knee, as if they dared not come too near him. And when any of his subjects have been disobedient, or have vexed him very much, he frowns dreadfully upon them, and orders his soldiers to take them away to be punished, perhaps to be kept in a dark dungeon till they are quite old and grey-headed.

Now I want to tell you of King Alphonso, who isn't at all like these kings you read about in your fairy books. His crown is his own curly locks, and his throne his dear mother's knee. When the great noblemen come to visit him, he gurgles and laughs, claps his little fat hand, and likes to play with their brave ornaments, gold sticks, long shining swords and bright sparkling jewels, that they have worn to do him honour : just as your own mother's baby would do if he found himself in such grand company.

There was great rejoicing when this little king was born. People could talk of nothing else. Even the children were full of it, and played at



serenading him under the palace windows. Serenading means playing sweet music on a guitar, and singing softly under the window of some one you love very much ; and, of course, they loved their Baby King dearly.

It was a lucky day for all the babies in Spain when he had on his first pair of shoes, for his mother, the queen, ordered new shoes to be given to everyone of them ; to mark such a sweet event. I don't know how many babies there were in Spain who wanted a first pair of shoes, but they must have had to buy a great many.

I often think I should like to see all the toys in the king's nursery ; for the great people who come to see him must surely come laden with gifts, and what else could they offer a Baby King but beautiful toys ?

The first time he had a royal reception—that is a state visit from a lot of grandees from all parts of the world—the queen had him dressed in a white lace frock, made of some of the loveliest lace in Spain. His nurse, too, wore a dress of rich velvet that trailed yards behind her ; she sat with the Baby King in her arms, and the grand nobles came forward, one after the other bowed low before him, kissed his little hand whilst he

screamed and laughed with delight, when anything very sparkling caught his eye. But it took such a long time for all these great folks to come in and out the throne room, that the Baby King grew tired of smiling and clapping his hands; so he just put his head on nurse's shoulder, and fell fast asleep! Little kings are like all other babies, and don't care a scrap for state ceremonies, whatever big kings are fond of. To put a little fat arm round nurse's neck is better than having it held out for a crowd of bowing courtiers to kiss.

Before I finish this little story, I will copy a Spanish lullaby for English children to see. Maybe the royal nurse sometimes sings it to His little Majesty as she sits by his pretty cot:—

The Baby Child of Mary,
Now cradle He has none;
His father is a carpenter,
And he shall make Him one.

The lady good Saint Anna,
The Lord Saint Joachim,
They rock the baby's cradle,
That sleep may come to Him.

Then sleep thou, too, my baby,
My little heart so dear,
The Virgin is beside thee,
The Son of God is near.





Thank's

Giving.

GO'D doth each tiny sparrow feed,
 And clothes the lamb in wool so white;
 He scatters daisies o'er the mead,
 And bids the stars shine out at night.

He sends the sun to warm the earth,
 He paints the sky in colours gay,
 He fills the wood with joy and mirth,
 And doeth wonders every day.

Then if He feeds each tender thing,
 And clothes the lamb and tints the flower,
 We, too, may shelter 'neath His wing,
 And feel His love from hour to hour.

So we must thank Him, one and all,
 And unto Heaven our voices raise,
 It makes Him glad, when children small
 Lift tiny hands in joyful praise.

THE TELL-TALE

BIRDIE.



There is a bird that whispers
My secrets, Robin dear;
He tells them all to Mother,
When I'm not by to hear.

For oft I say, "Dear Mother,
Now, how do you know this?"
"A little Birdie whispered,"
She answers, with a kiss.

If I am rude and angry,
Or throw my toys about,
This funny little Birdie
Is sure to find it out.

Although I cannot see him,
This little Bird sees me;
Pray, tell me, pretty Robin,
Who can this Birdie be?



THE TELL-TALE BIRDIE.

“*I CAN* fly over the sea,” said the gull, “and I can peep into the lighthouse, and see the men light the lantern, and, then, I ride on the mast of a ship and talk to the sailors, and—”

“Oh,” said a fish, “I can swim *underneath* the sea, and see stranger sights than that: lovely shells and flowers, and the queerest of fishes.”

“And I can’t do either!” sighed a little girl, sitting on the rocks.

“Never mind,” they both said, “you can go to school, learn to read and write, and grow up into a good and fine lady, and that’s best of all.”



EVERY Sunday afternoon, as soon as father lays down his pipe or his book drops from his hand, and his head begins to nod sleepily from side to side, Cyril, the eldest boy, steals on tip-toe to the arm chair, and throws a silk handkerchief over his father’s face. This is the signal for “Mother’s Story.”

As little Daisy, with a wise shake of her golden head, once said, “Father’s too big, he’s forgot to talk like children!”

Perhaps Daisy was right, for nobody could tell certain sweet old stories so well as mother. They sounded ever much sweeter and prettier, whispered by mother in the firelight than when spelt word by word out of the big Bible on week days.

Now on this particular Sunday, Cyril and Tom had vexed their father and mother so much that neither of them dared to ask for the story. Cyril had taken a little white mouse to church in his pocket, and the mouse got away, and ran about the pew. Luckily, father caught it, and kept it till service was over; but Cyril and Tom were sent out of church, and mother’s face had looked very grave ever since. Now they were waiting for the story.

“Father’s asleep,” whispered Amy.

“I see, dear,” said mother, gazing into the fire.

“Won’t you tell us a story?”

Cyril and Tom said nothing; they knew mother was thinking of what they did in the morning. "Yes," said mother at last, "take your places, and I'll begin."

It was so like mother to put her arm round Tom, and to let Cyril lay his head against her knee, as if nothing had happened.

"Long ago," she said, "when Jesus, with two of his disciples, was



Jesus on His way to Jerusalem.

at a place called the Mount of Olives, he told them to go into a village, a little way off, and bring Him an ass which they would find tied up outside a stable. So the disciples went to the village, and found the ass, and began to untie it.

A man, who was standing near, said, "Why do you untie the ass?" But they replied, "The Lord hath need of him." And the man and his companions let the ass go.

Then they brought it to Jesus, and covered it with some of their own clothes, and Jesus rode upon it into Jerusalem.

A great crowd of men, women and children followed Him, shouting and singing His praises. Some of them cut down branches from the palm trees, and strewed them in His way—so glad were they to see Him come into Jerusalem!

Now in Jerusalem there was a holy place, called the temple. It was God's house, and the doors were always left wide open, so that the people might go in and out, to sing and pray at all times.

Jesus rode up to this holy temple, and went in with the crowd following Him. But when He saw it full of men who did not love God, and who, instead of praising Him, were doing their week-day business, selling doves, and sparrows, and sheep, and counting and changing their money, Jesus was very angry. He made a little whip of cords, and drove them out of the temple, saying, "It is written, 'My father's house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'"

That was all "Mothers Story," but she bent down and whispered something in Cyril's ear that made him very happy; and the white mouse never went to church again.



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

NEW Year's Day! The bells are ringing!
And little Teddy, closely clinging
To mother's neck, begins repeating
In lisping tones his long learnt greeting:—

"To each and all a Happy New Year,
But the happiest one to our mother dear!"

Good day,

Darling Mother,



A Happy New Year.

BABIES AND

BIRDS.



*W*HAT do you think they are doing, these children?

Why, looking at the birds eating the crumbs that nurse has thrown out in the snow to them. It has snowed so heavily in the night that the children cannot have the window opened. You see that it is quite blocked with snow. But the birds have got their crumbs all the same, and they are so grateful.

Listen: Mother is telling them a story of a little bird that she knew of. I can hear her, and if you listen very carefully, will hear her too.

"A short time ago, a little girl, called Beatrice, found a tiny swallow on the ground. It was in the Spring, when the baby swallows are too young to fly, for they have to learn to fly just as your baby sister learns to walk. This poor little swallow had tried to fly too soon, and so it had fallen down, and could not get back to its nest.

Beatrice was a very kind little girl, and when she saw the poor swallow lying on the ground, half dead with fright and weakness, she picked it up and kissed it. Then she carried it gently into the house and fed it, and made a little warm soft bed for it in a box.

She would not put it in a cage, for it is always cruel to cage a wild bird. And the little swallow grew bigger and stronger every day, and soon it learned to fly about the room. But one day, when Beatrice was out, some one came and opened the window, and away flew birdie, singing for joy at the fresh air and the bright sunshine.

When Beatrice came back and found him gone, she was nearly heart-broken, for she really loved the little swallow, and all day she grieved that her pet had gone, away—never to return—she thought. But as she was sitting by the window in the dusk of the warm summer evening, suddenly she felt a cool breath on her face, just as if some one was fanning her, and then she heard soft wings fluttering, and there was the little swallow flying round her head, just as he used to do.

You may think how eagerly she ran and fetched him bread; and ever since then he has come twice every day to get his food quite regularly, at exactly the same time, and Beatrice is very happy again."

That was such a pretty story that the children clapped their hands when it was done.

"We will give the birds bread every day," said Lionel, as he leaned his head on his hand, and looked out. "Then, perhaps, they will love us, and fly round our heads too."

Mrs. Oscar Wilde.





“ROSELEAF”
OR THE
“DISCONTENTED FAIRY.”



ROSELEAF was a little fairy. She had been given that name, because she was just like a rose leaf—so delicate in form and colour, such a pink and white little creature, that even by the fairies she was treated with more care and consideration than the others. If a shower of rain came on, quickly would they pull up a daisy, and hold it over her, for fear lest her golden hair and gossamer wings should be injured. They bathed her in the dew-filled buttercups; they fed her with the sweetest honey from the hare bells, and protected her from all the little discomforts which trouble even the tiny lives of the fairies. And yet, strange to say, Roseleaf was not happy. Now, one of the strictest rules amongst the fairies is, that they must not *reason* about anything. Certainty and stern reality must never exist with them, for “beauty is truth, truth beauty,” and that is all they need to know, and if they break this rule, they cannot live any longer in fairyland—for then would they be subject to all the ills which torment mortals, who ever search for beauty with eyes that are dim with tears of sin and sorrow, and so search in vain; and are surprised that beauty should shrivel up and vanish away, when touched by their soiled fingers.

And so, Roseleaf, instead of dancing in the sunlight with her tiny companions, content with simply enjoying its beauty and warmth, wished to discover *why* the sun shone by day and not by night, and what was the cause of its heat, etc., etc., and she became quite pale and thin through fretting after this hidden knowledge, until one bright day she

determined to climb one of its rays, and find out for herself the reason of the sun's power.

She slipped away from her companions, unperceived, and began her ascent up the biggest sun ray of all. At first it was easy climbing, but presently it became so steep that Roseleaf had often to stop and take breath, and then the heat increased fearfully, the nearer she got to the sun.

Poor little fairy! Her efforts were in vain after all. Bravely struggling on, the heat at last overpowered her; she swooned away, and slipping off the sun ray, she fluttered senseless through the air, like the petal of a rose in the evening breeze. But the kind west wind, filled with pity, blew towards her a soft grey bit of cloud. She sank into its downy folds, and lay motionless—one tiny hand pillowing the pale wee face, the other, half hidden in the folded mists of the cloud, whilst her golden hair floated in the wind.

When she recovered consciousness, she opened her blue eyes, and gazed about her in astonishment; and then her fairy nature asserting itself, she forgot all the horrors of *reality*, and gave herself up to the pure enjoyment of the beauty which surrounded her, the lovely blue sky through which she was floating, the other little clouds, some white like swans-down, some pearly grey, some tinged with pink, some edged with silver and gold, and the earth, far away, looking like a beautiful distant isle. But alas! her pleasure was short lived. A storm arose, the cloud burst beneath her, and once more Roseleaf found herself falling through the air, drenched to the skin by the merciless rain, which drove her along, ever down and down, lower and lower, until—splash! she had fallen into the sea.

Down she fled beneath the cool green waters. The mermaids would fain have taken her into their arms, and hidden her in their golden tresses; but Thetis, the goddess of the sea, was wrath, and ere the kind mermaids could reach her, Roseleaf was turned into a little pink and white shell. And there she lies, and always will lie, at the bottom of the ocean, far away from fairyland and all her merry friends of yore.

For she had broken the bubble of sweet fancy, and for ever after must remain a little bit of reality herself.

Helen B. May.



BUTTERCUP

GOLD.

"*BUTTERCUP*, buttercup, give me your gold,
For this is my birthday; I'm seven years old."
Buttercup, nodding, said, "What would you buy?"
"A pair of white wings to fly into the sky."
Buttercup whispered, "Whom there would you see?"
"Kind God up in Heaven who loves you and me."

"Then what would you say if you found Him at last?"
"I'd ask Him to make me grow up very fast."
Buttercup, smiling, said, "Dear little man,
Please stay in our meadow as long as you can.
All that we have we would willingly give
To keep you beside us as long as we live.
Hold up your frock, here's a lapful of gold,
But ask for a heart that will never grow old."



Sleep, baby, sleep!
The mother is sure her precious son
Will grow to be a little man.



MID MARJORY.



It was a sad little party that met round the breakfast table one rainy April morning, at Fair Oaks Cottage, to discuss the contents of the large black-edged envelope, sealed with heavy armorial bearings, that had arrived the night before. An almost overwhelming sorrow had, but lately, entered through the rose-grown porch; and now this new perplexity had come, demanding an almost immediate decision, for the words of the letter were harsh and imperative, and the temper of the writer was not one to brook delay. The father, and sole bread winner, was gone; the gunboat, of which he had command, having been cast away in a storm in a remote latitude of the Pacific; and his widow, face to face with penury (dreaded only for her children's sake), was forced to put away her grief to plan the means of living.

By means of careful economy at home, Charlie, who was twelve years old, had been placed in one of the less expensive of our public schools. Gwendoline, the eldest of all, had received a good education, of which she was now preparing to make the fullest use, having accepted a position as English governess at a small *pension* in a little German town. And Mrs. Staunton herself was advertising for pupils in music and singing. But, with their utmost efforts, the struggle must needs be a hard one, and the issue uncertain. Charlie's education could not be entirely stopped, and there were four little ones, of whom ten-year-old Marjory was the eldest, to house and feed, to say nothing of clothing.

Gwendoline was the first to break the, until lately, unaccustomed silence; she was a tall, fair girl, with frank blue eyes, and masses of straw-coloured, wavy hair. "Dear," she said (this was what she always called her mother), "What is it that Grandmamma wishes; and why has it worried you so? You look twice as pale as you were yesterday. She *must* be a cruel woman to have left you alone ever since you married papa; and now, just when you are in such terrible grief, to write you an unkind letter."

"Hush, Gwen, darling!" said Mrs. Staunton, sadly; you must not speak so of Lady Staunton. Remember always that she is your dear father's mother; and, besides that, we must never judge others entirely from our own standpoint. Flossie, have you and Dolly finished breakfast? Yes? Well, you can take Trot into the garden between you; be very careful of him. You may play there in the sun, near this window."

"Let me stay, mother dear?" pleaded Marjory.

"Yes, my child, you may stay. Now that the little ones are gone, there is something that I have to say to you and Gwen. You are but a wee lassie, I know, Madge, to share mother's troubles; but it cannot be helped, and I know my little woman will take her share as bravely and thoughtfully as she can."

Marjory's small face flushed brightly with pleasure at her mother's praise— not undeserved, indeed, for, although as very a pickle on occasions as ever chased chickens and climbed trees, she was, in reality, womanly and wise, with a quaint kind of wisdom far beyond her years. As a rule, people were somewhat puzzled to decide whether she were an extremely pretty child, or quite the reverse. She was tall for her age, long-legged, and slight, with a clear, pale skin, large dark violet eyes, and a shock of tawny curls. Charlie always called her "the spider" when he wished to be aggravating, because she was dark and thin.

To return to our story. "You know," resumed Mrs. Staunton, "that neither your father nor I have ever seen his mother since our marriage, although, previously, they were deeply attached; but you do not know the reason for the estrangement that has always been so great a sorrow to me. Lady Staunton is, in some ways, a peculiar, and also an extremely proud woman, and she could not reconcile herself to the idea of having for a daughter-in-law a penniless girl of comparatively obscure birth—the child of a struggling country doctor. It was her dearest wish that your father should have married his cousin, Lady Edith Blakeley, but this could not be, for his whole heart was given to me. We married against her will, and she not only disinherited your father, but cut herself off entirely from all communication with him."

"Hateful old thing," interpolated Marjory, indignantly, "as if any lady, or the Queen herself, could be one quarter as nice or as beautiful as you." Mrs. Staunton smiled, "You love me too well to be quite just to Lady Staunton, Madge; think, dearest, she is a lonely woman, and, surely, scarcely realised how deeply we loved one another. Our marriage overthrew the whole scheme of her life; you are not old enough to understand how natural it was for her to be hurt and angry. Even I did not realise then how much I had wounded her. But I have often thought of it since, and sorrowed for the pain I gave her."

"But *what* has she written about now, dear?" enquired Gwen. Tears sprang to her mother's eyes. "I will read you a portion of the letter," she said; "it ran thus:—'You have, I believe, several children, one of whom, if I am rightly informed, has been named after me. Why, I am at a loss to conjecture. If you send this little girl to me, to be given up without reservation to my authority, I will see that she receives an education befitting my grand-daughter, and endow her, provided her conduct please me, with a sufficient portion; under the sole condition that during my lifetime she shall visit your side of her family but once, for a week, in every three years.'"

A cry from Marjory interrupted the reading: "O mother, I can't—how could I? I don't want her portions or educations. I'll stay with you, and help you take care of Flossie and Trot. Dolly can go; we'll change *her* name to Marjory."

"Would you not go if I asked you, Madge?" said her mother, quietly weeping. "If I thought it the most kind and just thing for my little girl to try and make some amends to a sad and lonely mother. Father was *her* child, you know, and I think she loved him



almost as well as I love you. Then, too, who knows how her heart may be softened to all the world by having something to love. She *could* not help loving my Marjory. I saw her portrait once—a harsh, stern face, but beautiful, with something very grand and noble about it."

"Besides, dear," said Gwen, who had turned very pale, "Molly could have all the teaching I have so longed for her to have; she would not forget us, I know. And what could she learn here, looking after the little ones? You will have

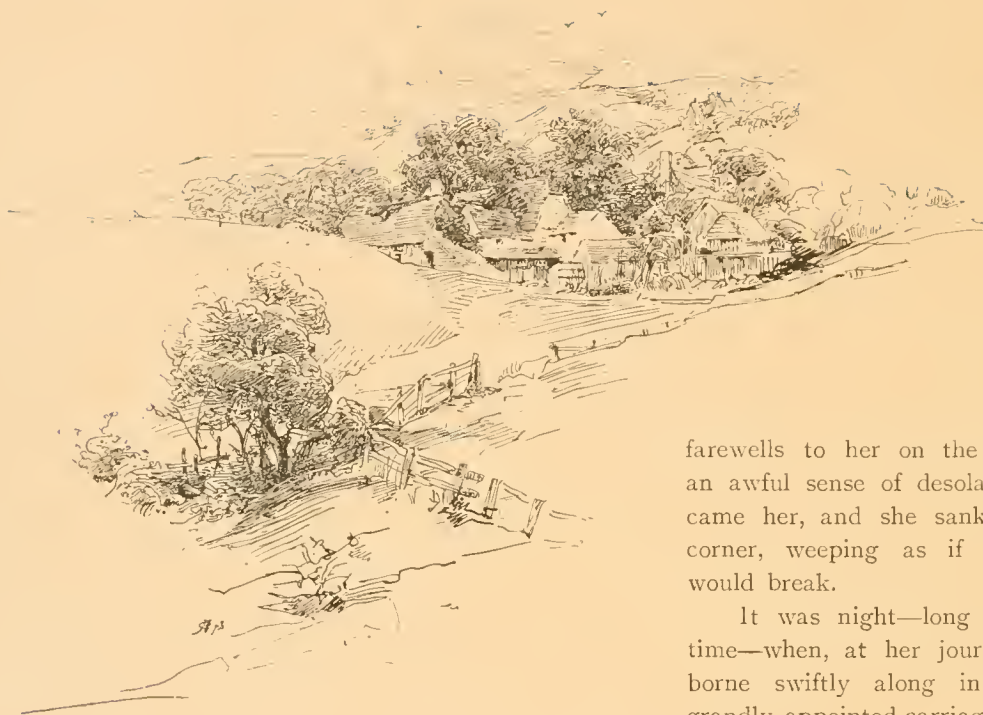
enough to do with teaching them to read and write, and giving your music lessons, poor dear!"

"You are right, Gwen. Madge, my darling, you will be brave and good, and help me to bear this? You shall not go against your will. If you are unhappy, you shall return home to us, come what may."

"I will go, I will go, my dearest, dearest mother," sobbed Marjory, flinging herself upon her mother's bosom. "I will be good, but I shall never, never like her. I'll try to— to be kind to her, though, because my papa was her child." And mother and child clung together weeping.

And so it was decided that Marjory should leave the pleasant cottage in the old-fashioned Surrey town where her young life had begun, and go forth into what was for her an unknown country. For Staunton Place stands in one of the wildest parts of Cornwall, looking down upon the sea, near the estuary of the river Camel, and within sound of the moaning of the waves over the Doom Bar at its mouth. A dangerous and a rocky coast, indeed; and many a ship, seeking the difficult haven, among the tumult of winds and waters, never gains it, but is ground to pieces on the sharp black rocks, and her fragments scattered on the shore or borne away in the under tow.

Day followed day all too quickly, bringing the dreaded parting nearer and nearer, until (quite suddenly it seemed) it was upon them. Marjory's little trunk lay, all ready, corded and labelled, in the narrow passage; nearly all the farewells were over, when Charlie, who had been scarcely seen since breakfast, came forward with suspiciously red eyes, and pushing a small wooden box into her hand, said, "I thought you'd like to have him with you." "O Charlie! Your guinea-pig!" cried poor Marjory, completely breaking down. "How *kind* of you: he'll be the *greatest* comfort to me; but what will you do without him?" "Oh, I shall do alright, don't bother about that; and, I say, Molly, if you find any sea-gulls' eggs, you might blow them, and send me some." Marjory kept up bravely all the while she was journeying with her mother and Gwen towards the great terminus where she was met by an austere-looking woman, who announced herself, with great dignity, as "my lady's housekeeper, at your service, madam." But when the actual separation came, and she could no longer see the two dear figures standing waving their



farewells to her on the platform, an awful sense of desolation overcame her, and she sank into her corner, weeping as if her heart would break.

It was night—long past bedtime—when, at her journey's end, borne swiftly along in a large, grandly appointed carriage, Marjory saw, for the first time, the lights

of Staunton Place. A solemn white-headed butler received Mrs. Enefer, the housekeeper, and her weary little charge.

"My lady will see Miss Staunton at once," he said "unless she would first wish some refreshment."

Marjory shook her head, declining the proffered meal, and was then accordingly ushered through a great oak-panelled hall, where a roaring fire danced and flickered, and pale portraits in antique costume looked down from the walls. She followed the butler up the wide oak staircase, with its broad, shallow steps, and on through a suite of spacious rooms, where tall mirrors showed her dozens of little black-robed figures advancing on every side. If she had not thought it beneath her dignity, she would have liked to cling to the man's hand, the place looked so vast and terrific. At last, passing through a large saloon, all white and gold, her guide paused before a door leading therefrom. "My lady is in the boudoir," he whispered, discreetly tapping on the flower-painted panels; and in another moment Marjory was standing in the presence of her grandmother. Straightening her small self up as best she might, the child advanced over the soft carpet to where, in a stately high-backed chair, a lady, with piercing black eyes and hair like silver, sat, with broidery-work in her long white hands, which flashed and sparkled with jewelled rings. As the door closed upon the retreating form of the servant, Lady Staunton raised her head,

and her eyes met those of Marjory. The child drew near and held out her hand with the quaint courtesy peculiar to her. "How do you do, Grandmamma?" she said. "Am I like what you expected me to be?" Lady Staunton dropped the small, grimy hand, and, rising, turned away towards the fire. "Thank you, Marjory, I am well," she replied; "I do not think I gave much thought as to your possible appearance. To-morrow morning I shall be able to judge better as to that." And ringing the bell, she consigned the tired little traveller to the care of the maid engaged to wait upon the new comer—a bright, rosy-checked country lass, whose kind care and gentleness went far to console Marjory for her strange reception.

The next morning dawned fair and sunny, and Marjory, running to her window, looked out across the terraced garden at the back of the house, to the sea which lay, blue and shining, in the distance.

"I am to take you to my lady at ten o'clock, Miss Marjory," said Mary. "Then I am not to have breakfast with her?" "Dear sakes! no, Miss; your breakfast's all laid ready in your own sitting-room here." And throwing open the bedroom door, Mary showed a pretty room, furnished in bright coloured chintz, and facing also the garden and the sea. When ten o'clock came, and Marjory was again taken to her grandmother, she found her in her morning room, an oak-panelled chamber, with old water-colour drawings on the walls, of ladies with very highwaisted dresses, and gentlemen with curious large collars and lace ruffles. Lady Staunton was sitting writing at an antique bureau. She was even paler than she had been the night before, Marjory noticed, almost as white as her fine muslin kerchief and lace mob cap. "Good morning, Grandmamma," said the child. "It was very kind of you to get such a pretty room ready for me, and to let me keep my guinea-pig in my sitting-room." "Your *what*, child?" said Lady Staunton. "My guinea pig, Grandmamma; my guinea-pig that—that Ch—Charlie gave me," gulping down an obstinate lump in her throat. "Come, come," said the old lady hastily, but not unkindly, "you must not cry; little girls that fret foolishly and make themselves ill, are a misery to everyone near them."

"I am not going to fret or make myself ill, and—and I shall soon get used to being here. I shall like it better soon—quite soon. And I want to be kind to you and cheer you up. I won't be a misery to you. You won't be so lonely now I'm come—will you? Of course *I* think you were very unkind to my mother, though she doesn't; and, perhaps, I think that only because I don't understand. 'I am not old enough yet,' she says. Are you fond of French poetry? I can say *Le Chat et les Rats*, if you would care to hear it."

"Not just now, my dear," said Lady Staunton; "some other time, perhaps. What did you say about your—your mother? Did not she tell you I was an ogre, a hard hearted old witch?"

"Dear me, no. Why did you think so? But I know a capital fairy story about a witch, and another about an ogre, too. I wonder if I could remember them. Why,"

suddenly glancing round, "where did you get my portrait?" Indeed, the miniature that lay among the papers on the open bureau, and of which Marjory's quick eyes caught a glimpse, might well have been painted from herself and none other: there were the same bronze-coloured curls, the same dark, wistful eyes and laughing mouth, the same haughty, finely-cut features. "May I look, if you please, Grandmamma?" Lady Staunton silently pushed the portrait towards the child it so strangely resembled, but the little girl gave a cry of disappointment: "Why, it isn't me after all; it is a *boy's* portrait, and what a funny, pretty kind of suit he has. That white frilled collar looks beautiful, turned back over his velvet jacket. How I wish he would come and play with me. Do you know him? Do you think his mother would let him come? I would so like another little child to play with. Could you ask her, Grandmamma?" Lady Staunton's hands shook as she gently disengaged the miniature from Marjory's eager hands, and shut it away in a drawer in her bureau, and her voice was not quite steady as she answered:

"I cannot, Marjory. This was my son Vereker when he was a child—when he was a child, and loved his mother better than all the world beside. But the child grew to manhood, and the man was lured away from her by false friends, by cunning designs, until he forsook her utterly. And now he is drowned and dead—drowned and dead—and can never grieve her any more. Her most deadly enemy is the woman who hardened the son's heart towards his mother. Let them reap the fruits of disobedience, and be glad with the harvest thereof. Go to your room, child—you hurt me. I am not well to-day."

The long Spring days sped on, with sun and wind and rain, bringing an undefined kind of union between the dwellers in Staunton Place. For a week after their strange interview in the morning-room, Marjory scarcely saw her grandmother, who was indisposed, and kept her room much during this time—having had, as Mrs. Enefer said, "one of her attacks." But, on the seventh day after, Marjory received a summons to take luncheon with Lady Staunton in the great oak-panelled dining-room.

"Oh, I am glad, Mary," she cried, clapping her hands; and then, suddenly remembering the fact that Mary, who was her messmate upstairs, might feel grieved at this distinctly-shown preference for other society, added, "but I *like* having my dinner up here with you, too; only, you see, Grandmamma was papa's mother, and I came here on purpose that she shouldn't be lonely any more. Papa loved her—so, of course, I do; and, of course, she must love me, and we like to be together. And oh, Mary, be quick and brush my hair, and give me a clean pinafore—my best one, with the lace on it."

And, with a sense of happy importance, the little woman tripped demurely down the wide, shallow staircase, at the foot of which she found Gervase, the butler, waiting to conduct her to the dining-room. At the end of the great table, which shone and sparkled with massy silver and old cut glass, sat Lady Staunton, looking, if anything, paler than before. But she held out her hand and smiled at the child with such a gracious gesture, such a sad, sweet look, that the impulsive little heart beat high with pity and love; and

running forward. Marjory threw her arms round Lady Staunton's neck and kissed her heartily; while the butler stood aghast and petrified with astonishment that anyone should venture to take such an unheard-of liberty with the proud, cold mistress of Staunton Place—and that "anyone," a thin, long-legged child, in a shabby black frock, too!"

"Dear Grandmamma, you are better, are you not? I wish you would have let me come and help amuse you when you were ill. When Charlie fell off the cherry-tree and broke his arm last summer, I used to sit beside him nearly all day. Sometimes I used to read to him, and sometimes tell him stories out of my own head—he liked those best; and he said he did not feel the pain of his arm half so much as he would if I hadn't been there. So, next time you don't feel well, you'll let me sit with you, won't you?"

"Yes, Marjory," replied Lady Staunton, "and so you tell stories all out of your own head," and she sighed. Did, perchance, a vision flit across her memory, of just such another bright-eyed, curly-headed creature, perched

up on the end of her bed, weaving playful fancies about fairies and princesses, and what not? So long, so long ago, and here, again, were the eager dark eyes, the soft, clear voice. She roused herself from her brief reverie, and, looking towards the child, could hardly forbear smiling at the quaint appearance she presented. Marjory was seated in a chair just three times too large for her, struggling manfully with a knife and fork, at least, as proportionately unaccustomed. "You are not comfortable, child. Gervase, bring the small, carved chair for Miss Staunton, and ask Mrs. Deborah to open the cabinet in my boudoir, and to bring me the knife and spoon and fork, and the small silver tankard that she will find in the left hand compartment, nearest the door; here is the key."

So Marjory was installed in the chair which had once been her father's, and drank out of the little silver cup bearing the interwoven initials "V. S."



During luncheon she talked away with the ease, but not the artifice, of a well-bred young woman of the world, who finds herself an honoured guest, and is desirous of making her presence still more welcome. When the meal was over, and Lady Staunton rose from the table, Marjory slipped down from her chair, saying, "What are you going to do this afternoon, Grandmamma? As you're not quite well, I don't think you ought to go out. There's a very cold wind, you know." And she looked up seriously into Lady Staunton's face, as she unconsciously echoed the anxious words heard at home sometimes from her mother's lips—"It's such a bad thing to catch cold when you've not been well."

"Is the wind cold? then I will take your advice, Maid Marjory, and remain indoors. But you must have your usual run along the cliffs with Mary. Do not forget to have your furs put on you."

"My what, Grandmamma?"

"Your tippet, child, or boa, or jacket; have you nothing of the kind, then?"

Marjory blushed, and, twisting her small fingers uneasily in and out of each other, she answered:

"Well, no, Grandmamma; but I have a beautifully thick black cloth jacket, that keeps me quite as warm. When I had a bad cold in the winter, mother tried to make me a beautiful fur jacket out of her sealskin that she had when she was married." (Lady Staunton's brow darkened.) "But," resumed Marjory, beginning to laugh merrily, "it didn't answer at all; the fur was just a little too old, mother supposed, for it went and fell all into little bits when she tried to stitch it. But it would have been a beau—ti—ful jacket," she concluded, pensively. "I wonder why things wear out so dreadfully fast. I'm sure mother mends, and mends, and mends, till her poor, dear eyes look quite pale and tired; but it never seems done. And then one's boots! she used to laugh and say she must learn cobbling from old Mr. Ivey in the village. Oh, Grandmamma, how I wish you could see old Mr. Ivey, you *would* like him so; he sits in the funny little porch to his house all day long; there's a kind of half-door, you know, and he has a bullfinch he whistles duets with; and he knows such interesting tales, all about pirates and treasure islands, and great white bears, and flying fish. Once he was a sailor, but he got wounded in a battle, and now he sits and mends shoes all day."

"A delightful person, my dear, I have no doubt; now run upstairs and get ready for your walk. Stay, send Deborah to me, I must arrange about *having* some furs bought for you at once; the Spring is so cold upon this coast. And, Marjory, would you like to come and sit with me when you return?"

"In the big white and gold saloon?"

"My child, I have not used that room for years!"

"But it *is* such a pretty room, Grandmamma; do use it now! We will sit there together by the fire, and I will amuse you so nicely; do. May I tell Mrs. Enefer that you want the fires lighted there?"



A strangely softened expression stole over Lady Staunton's beautiful, haughty face, as, after giving her consent to Marjory's proposal, she watched the slight little figure, with its aureole of bronzy gold, dance away out of sight. When Marjory returned from her walk, it was to find a goodly fire blazing in the great saloon, lighting up the portraits on the walls and the stately furniture, covered with rich faded yellow brocade; flickering in the tall mirrors with their pillared sphinxes. Lady Staunton was sitting by the fireside, in the grey Spring twilight; before her stood her embroidery frame, while, close at hand, on a curved-legged table beside her, lay a bundle of letters, yellowed by time, and tied with pale pink ribbon. The candles were not yet lit; a scent as of dead rose-leaves filled the room. Lady Staunton's eyes looked dim; their diamond light had faded. Could she have been weeping?

"Come in, Marjory," she said, "I have waited tea for you." As the shadows deepened, the firelight flickered brighter. "Don't let us have candles," pleaded the child, "it is so pleasant to be sitting like this—just talking. Mother used to call this wee time, between the day and the night, 'Blind Man's Holiday'; I wonder—I wonder what they are doing at home now?" There was a slightly desolate, wistful tone in the little voice that struck on her grandmother's heart, and awoke feelings half of pity, half of jealous irritation. Then Marjory rose to her feet from her pleasant nest on the hearthrug, and began to explore the shadowy room. She stopped, in delight, before a harpsichord.

"What a dear flat piano! and it is just the shape of a harp, too. How pretty it is, shall I play you something, Grandmamma?"

Scarcely waiting for an assent, she played her little repertoire through, with an ease and facility of execution, well-nigh wonderful in so young a student. The old instrument seemed to respond lovingly in faint, mellow tones, to the soft touch of the small deft fingers.



"How well you play, my dear," exclaimed Lady Staunton, surprised, "where did you learn such correctness, such lightness of touch, and such truth of expression?"

"Oh, mother taught me," rejoined the child carelessly, "I'm so glad you like my playing. I can sing, too, but I can't think of anything just now, but a song our old Scotch nurse used to sing," and, striking a few accompanying notes, she began to sing, in a voice like the song of a missal-thrush, but with a quaint sad thrill in it:

“The love that I hae chosen
I'll therewi be content,
The saut sea shall be frozen
Before that I repent :
Repent it, shall I never
Until the day I dee,
But the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinned my love and me.”



“‘Twinned’ means ‘parted’ in Scotch, you know, Grandmamma. I am so fond of that song, though I hardly know why; it makes me feel inclined to cry, somehow, so I won’t sing any more of it just now. Is that a draught-board, and shall we play draughts together? Mother and I used often to have just one game before I went to bed.” She leaned her elbows on the table, between herself and her grandmother, and framing her face in her two hands, looked up into the old lady’s face with a deep sigh. “How I wish you and my mother could know each other. You *would* like each other so, I *know* you’d get on together.”

Lady Staunton turned her eyes sharply, for a moment, on Marjory's face, and, meeting nothing there but a most complete and wistful innocence, turned them away in silence.

And, by degrees, the bond between these two strangely assorted companions became happier and closer day by day. Day by day Marjory became more necessary to her grandmother, more beloved by her. The sad, stern lines seemed to be passing away from Lady Staunton's face; her step became lighter, her smile more frequent; her voice took a warmer, less distant inflection. And Marjory repaid her love an hundredfold, by loving her in return, and by looking rosy and happy. Not that she forgot the dear ones from whom she was exiled, but she loved her grandmother fondly; and the fresh, bracing winds from the Atlantic blew colour into her cheeks and strength to her limbs. And what really healthy and active child, however loving, can be consistently unhappy—be the cause what it may? Besides, she felt she was fulfilling her mission; already her dear father's mother was visibly happier since her arrival. The change from this tranquil life came suddenly and strangely. One afternoon, despite the gale that was blowing, or rather because of it—for Marjory enjoyed nothing more than a scamper in a high wind—she and Mary were walking together on the broad sands, among the scattered rocks. Marjory was in the wildest of spirits, dancing from one rock to another, pursuing her vagrant hat along the shore, performing fantastic dances in and out, around the clear rock pools, when she was aroused from her happy play by a cry from Mary.

"Oh, Miss Marjory, we must go home. My lady 'd niver forgive me if I let ye stay here any longer. There's a wreck, my honey, a ship on the Doon Bar. Poor souls, poor souls! there's little help for them now i' that sea, and the wind where it is."

It was only too true. There, not more than a few hundred yards from the shore, lay a ship (a foreign merchant vessel) as it were gasping out her life under the repeated blows of the great savage masses of water. In a few moments, the beach, so lonely before, became the stage for an animated scene: the men were bringing out the rocket apparatus, groups of women stood about with desponding, anxious faces, in which no great excitement, however, was written. It was too frequent an occurrence for that.

"Come home, Miss Marjory, come home," urged Mary in vain.

"No, Mary, we will not go home," she answered, "we might be able to help a little, perhaps; and I know my Grandmamma would be pleased for me to stay: she would think it was right."

So they stayed, Mary not wholly unwilling, and Marjory, deeply, painfully excited, watched, with the tears running down her cheeks, the unavailing efforts, repeated over and over again, to save, at least, some of the crew of the fast vanishing ship.

Twilight crept over the cruel foam, the broad expanse of dark, angry water, and all hope seemed vain: when there came a cry, a mighty effort, a quick confusion of voices and footsteps, and two fishermen bore something up the beach in their arms, laying it down upon the sand, while the little crowd closed round it.

"They have saved a man, have they not, Mary? Run, run and see, oh, I hope they have saved a man. No, we will both go; perhaps he may have been hurt on those cruel rocks. Come, Mary."

It was not difficult for Lady Staunton's little grand-daughter and her maid to force a passage into the group that surrounded the injured man. He lay motionless and, apparently, lifeless: a tall, bearded man he seemed, but little could be seen of his face, for a wound on his temple, from which the blood still flowed, was being bandaged, not unskilfully, by one of the fishermen. "He'd better be carried to Helston Farm, I reckon," said a burly giant in a blue jersey, "he'll be better cared for there nor down by we."

"No, he must be carried to Staunton Place, to my Grandmamma's—she would wish it"; and Marjory, very white, but with firm lips and shining eyes, stood out erect from the rest. "It is a long way to Helston Farm," she continued, "and the poor man might die while you were taking him there—only think, if he were to die!" and a half-sob heaved her little breast. An acquiescent, approving murmur arose to the effect that "maybe little Missy were right; but as to my Lady wishing of it: what next? Anyhow, it might give the poor chap a chance if my Lady were pleased or not."

Slowly the little procession wound along up the cliff path with Marjory at its head. Up the cliff path, and round the long terraced garden through to the avenue, so as not to alarm Lady Staunton by besieging the garden entrance to the house. A blaze of lamplight from the open door flooded the broad grey stone steps, at the summit of which stood Lady Staunton looking out into the dusk.

"Thank Heaven, child, you have come back," she said. "Why do you give me such cause for alarm. I was just going to send the men-servants to search for you, and—why, Marjory, what has happened? What is this?"



"There has been a wreck, dear Grandmamma: a dreadful, cruel wreck, and they have only been able to save this one poor man, and he is dreadfully hurt; so I knew you would wish him to be brought here; and John Polperro has gone for the doctor. Can he have my room? Do let him, it is all ready; do, please, Grandmamma, let him have my room."

Lady Staunton, astonished beyond measure, nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it, that helpless form was laid in the little rose-and-white curtained bed in Marjory's room, whither hurried Mrs. Enefer with lights and restoratives. In a few moments the doctor arrived, and, after a prolonged interview with his unconscious patient, was shown into the boudoir where sat Lady Staunton, and fidgetted Marjory, who was consumed with anxiety as to the fate of her protégé.

"He will do, Lady Staunton," said the doctor cheerily. He will do, and he may thank his good fortune, whoever he may be, that brought him here; another ten minutes exposure and neglect, and—. The doctor did not finish his sentence, but he lifted his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, with a sufficiently expressive gesture.

"Oh, the poor man! how glad, how glad I am!" cried Marjory, running to her grandmother and flinging her arms about her neck: "Oh, Grandmamma dear, he would have died but for you. You have saved him; how happy you must be, my dear, kind Grandmamma! And now I want you to take me to see him. Only think, we have not even looked at him yet."

And so eager was the child, and so winsome in her pretty, generous gladness, that it would have taken a colder heart than Lady Staunton's to resist her, especially as the doctor said that he should anticipate no harm to the sufferer from such a proceeding, as he was simply bruised and exhausted.

Gently Lady Staunton lifted the little silver cresset-lamp, shading, with her fingers, the light from the eyes of the sleeping man: only for one moment though, suddenly she staggered, and, as the doctor snatched the lamp from her almost lifeless fingers, she fell across the bed in a swoon. The stranger, awaking, opened his eyes and looked round him bewildered. "Where am I," he said, "mother, have I been ill? And Marjory, my Maid Marjory, am I dreaming?"

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A fortnight later Staunton Place re-echoed with glad voices. That tall, graceful girl, who stands on the terrace, feeding the peacocks, must surely be Gwendoline, and do we not recognise those sturdy robbers of "Grannie's" flower-beds as Flossie and Trot? Can that be Lady Staunton's voice that calls from the oriel window, "Come, children, your father and mother are waiting for breakfast?" It seems strange, indeed, yet we think that it must be so, for here comes Marjory, lovingly linked arm-in-arm with Charlie. What is she saying? Shall we listen? "Didn't I always say, Charlie, how *splendidly* Mamma and Grandmamma would get on, if they could only come to know one another?" Yes, it is no dream, but happy truth, thanks to the poor, wrecked ship that had rescued Captain Staunton in his peril; to Maid Marjory; and, above all, to Providence.



MY DOGGIE.

AS I was turning the leaves o'er and o'er,
I came to a doggie I'd not seen before;
Said I, to myself, it is easy to see,
He's a very fine doggie, but whose can he be?

It's not Mother Hubbard's poor dog, for I've read
That the old lady's dog is supposed to be dead.
It can't be the doggie who worried the cat—
No, no, he's much too good-natured for that.

Perhaps it's the doggie in Hey diddle, diddle,
They say laughed so much at the Cat and the Fiddle;
Or it may be, thinks I, that the dog they call "Buff"
Has been sent to the shop for a ha'porth o' snuff.

Or the dog who will always "oblige with a song,"
"No, no," said a sweet little voice, "you are wrong."
And a sweet little maiden crept up to my side,
"Dearie me, why that's my little Doggie," she cried.

"And he's not Mother Hubbard's, he's my dog," she said,
And she shook all the fair little curls on her head;
Then she laughingly added, "you, surely, must know
That the story book doggies are dead long ago."





THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.



THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

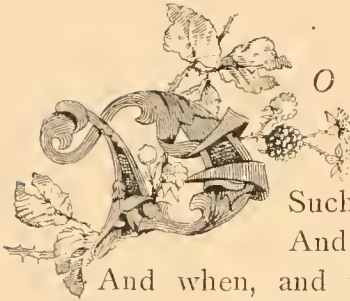
HERE was once a little maiden,
Who was very fond of flowers,
She tended them and weeded them,
And watered them for hours ;
She'd pansies and forget-me-nots,
And violets white and blue,
With tall, proud, yellow lilies,
And little white ones too.

She'd marigolds and hollyhocks,
And daisies white and red,
That grew in little borders
Around each flower bed,
With wallflowers and carnations,
And many a royal rose ;
She must have had a little bit
Of every flower that grows.

A Thrush came to the garden
And sang there every day,
And as for bees and butterflies,
They couldn't keep away.
The bees made lots of honey,
But it was not half as sweet,
As the pretty little
maiden
Who kept the garden neat.



*A LITTLE BOY'S
POCKET.*



O you know what's in my pottet?
Such a lot of treasures in it!
Listen now while I bedin it:
Such a lot of sings it holds,
And everysin dats in my pottet
And when, and where, and how I dot it.
First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell, I pit'd it up:
And here's the handle of a tup
That somebody has broked at tea;
The shell's a hole in it, you see:
Nobody knows dat I dot it,
I teep it safe here in my pottet.
And here's my ball too in my pottet,
And here's my pennies, one, two, free,
That Aunty Mary dave to me,
To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,
When I'm out walking with the maid;
I tant put that here in my pottet!
But I can use it when I've dot it.
Here's some more sings in my pottet,
Here's my lead, and here's my string;
And once I had an iron ring,
But through a hole it lost one day,
And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sing in a pottet,
Be sure, and mend it when you've dot it.

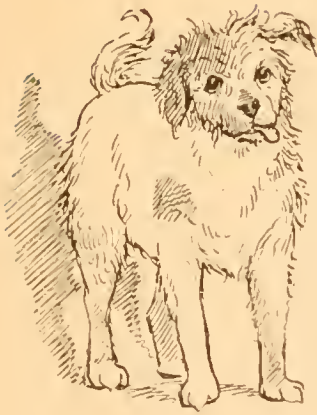


OLD

SULTAN.



THERE was once a peasant who owned a faithful dog, called Sultan, now grown so old that he had lost all his teeth, and could lay hold of nothing. One day the man was standing at the door of his house with his wife, and he said :



"I shall kill old Sultan to-morrow ; he is of no good any longer."

His wife felt sorry for the poor dog, and answered : "He has served us for so many years, and has kept with us so faithfully ; he deserves food and shelter in his old age."

"Dear me ! You do not seem to understand the matter," said the husband ; "he has never a tooth, and no thief would mind him in the least, so I do not see why he should not be made away with. If he has served us well, we have given him plenty of good food."

The poor dog, who was lying stretched out in the sun, not far off, heard all they said, and was very sad to think that the next day would be his last. He bethought him of his great friend, the wolf, and slipped out in the evening to the wood to see him, and related to him the fate that was awaiting him.

"Listen to me, old fellow," said the wolf ; "be of good courage, I will help you in your need. I have thought of a way. Early to-morrow morning your master is going hay-making with his wife, and they will take their child with them, so that no one will be left at home. They will be sure to lay the child in the shade behind the

hedge while they are at work ; you must lie by its side, just as if you were watching it. Then I will come out of the wood, and steal away the child ; you must rush after me, as if to save it from me. Then I must let it fall, and you must bring it back again to its parents, who will think that you have saved it, and will be much too grateful to do you any harm ; on the contrary, you will be received into full favour, and they will never let you want for anything again."

The dog was pleased with the plan, which was carried out accordingly. When the father saw the wolf running away with his child, he cried out, and when old Sultan brought it back again, he was much pleased with him, and patted him, saying :

"Not a hair of him shall be touched ; he shall have food and shelter as long as he lives." And he said to his wife :

"Go home directly, and make some good stew for old Sultan—something that does not need biting ; and get the pillow from my bed for him to lie on."

From that time old Sultan was made so comfortable that he had nothing left to wish for. Before long the wolf paid him a visit, to congratulate him that all had gone so well.

"But, old fellow," said he, "you must wink at my making off by chance with a fat sheep of your master's ; perhaps one will escape some fine day."

"Don't reckon on that," answered the dog ; "I cannot consent to it ; I must remain true to my master."

But the wolf, not supposing it was said in earnest, came sneaking in the night to carry off the sheep. But the master, who had been warned by the faithful Sultan of the wolf's intention, was waiting for him, and gave him a fine hiding with the threshing-flail. So the wolf had to make his escape, calling out to the dog :

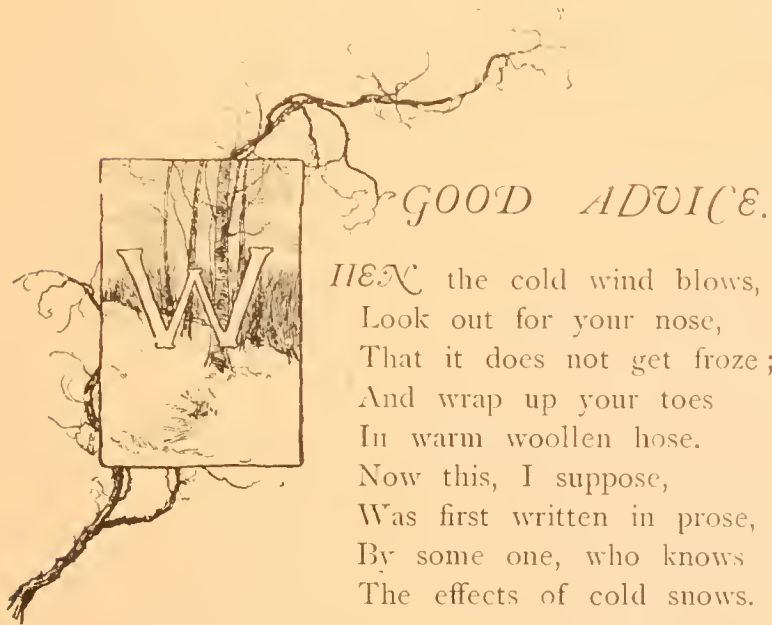
"You shall pay for this, you traitor !"

The next morning the wolf sent the wild boar to call out the dog ; and to appoint a meeting in the wood to receive satisfaction from him. Old Sultan could find no second but a cat with three legs ; and as they set off together, the poor thing went limping along, holding her

tail up in the air. The wolf and his second were already on the spot. When they saw their antagonists coming, and caught sight of the elevated tail of the cat, they thought it was a sabre they were bringing with them. And as the poor thing came limping on three legs, they supposed it was lifting a big stone to throw at them. This frightened them very much; the wild boar crept among the leaves, and the wolf clambered up into a tree. And when the dog and cat came up, they were surprised not to see any one there. However the wild boar was not perfectly hidden in the leaves, and the tips of his ears peeped out. And when the cat caught sight of one, she thought it was a mouse, and sprang upon it, seizing it with her teeth. Out leaped the wild boar with a dreadful cry, and ran away shouting:

"There is the culprit in the tree!"

And the dog and the cat looking up caught sight of the wolf, who came down, quite ashamed of his timidity, and made peace with the dog once more.





BREAKFAST.

ONE sweet harvest morning,
As daylight was dawning,
Three bonnie brown birdies peeped down from a tree.
“Oh, where is our mother?”
They cried to each other,
“Our kind little mother; now *where* can she be?”

Where daisies are blowing
And corn flowers growing,
And poppies nid-nodding about in the wheat,
With wings flippy-flappy,
So busy and happy,
Their mother is looking for something to eat.

Now homeward she's flying
To baby birds crying,
“I'm coming, I'm coming! I haven't
been long.
Keep quiet and steady
Till breakfast is ready,
And try to say, ‘Thank you,’ and
sing me a song.”





A SAILOR'S BOY.

ANGELS.



FOUR children were staying with Aunt Hilda—four of us, Norah, Kitty, Fred and Nell. Soon after we came, she stood us in a row against the garden wall, to see how much we'd grown since last year, and put her hand on our heads, one after the other, and laughed, and called it "Walking up steps," then, she stopped laughing, and began to cry and kiss us and call us "poor mites!"

I remember, last year, we came with mother, and wore white frocks and pink sashes, and Fred, a blue sailor suit, but now we wore everything black, even to our socks and stockings. Poor mother was dead, and that was why Auntie cried.

Well, that first evening we sat on the lawn, in the moonlight; auntie said we might talk about mother and the angels a little bit, just to give us something sweet to dream about. "Only think," said Auntie, "how nice to have pretty angels watching us! How good we ought all to be! for God lets the angels come sometimes to see the friends they love very much."

"Does He?" cried Fred. "Then, I know, mamma will ask to come, because *she* loves us, and God will say 'yes,' because He's so kind! I wonder if 'she'll come to-night?"

"Perhaps," whispered Auntie, "perhaps she's here now." We looked over our shoulders, across the lawn, but could see nothing white and shining—only the gate and a bit of the road beyond, and Auntie's white rose-tree.

"Darlings, we shan't *see* the angels till we get to heaven," said Aunt Hilda.

"But, Auntie, are you sure—quite sure? Hasn't *any* one ever seen an angel?"

"Yes, dear, *Someone*, and in a garden, and in moonlight, too. Just as it might be now."

"Oh, Auntie, who was it, and wasn't He very happy?"

"No, dear, very, very *unhappy*. More sad and unhappy than anybody in the wide world."



"It was Jesus," said Kitty.

"Yes, it was Jesus. You know how He came to make us good and fit to live with Him in heaven; how cruel men mocked and hated Him, and drove Him from them; how even His friends forsook Him, and His heart was ready to break, so He went into a garden and prayed to God His Father, saying, 'Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done.' Afterwards God sent an angel to be with Him in His loneliness, and to comfort Him, and give Him strength to bear His sorrow."

Just then, little Nell, who had fallen asleep on Auntie's shoulder, called out: "Mother! mother!" "*She* can see her!" we cried.

"Yes, dear little Nellie sees her, because she's dreaming," said Auntie.

And we all saw mother that night, or dreamt we did.

ASHORE.

DOWN by the sea, Sailor,
Down by the blue, blue, sea,
A ship is rocking her masts,
Sailor,
Close to the harbour quay.



Her sails are set, Sailor,
And the wind is fair, is fair,
They're only waiting for you, Sailor,
Waiting for you down there.

Ah, me, she may heave her anchor,
She may sail away from the bay;
I know of one little sailor
Who won't go a'sailing to-day.



A CAT'S PARTY.

HERE was only one hitch, otherwise it was a lovely party," said Mrs. Tabitha-Scratch to Sandy Maria Tortoiseshell. Sandy was a poor relation, and never went anywhere, for Persians and Angoras were proud creatures, and *would not* associate with her; however, when her rich relations gave a party, she used to make a little call next day, to hear how things went off.

"Everything was perfect," went on Mrs. Tabby, "music, dancing, fighting and refreshments '*ad lib.*'"

"What's '*ad lib.*,' cousin?"

"Snatch what you can; every puss for himself, and the pantry for all—that's '*ad lib.*'"

"Dee-lightful!" cried Sandy, clasping her paws.

"Everybody was there—everybody worth knowing. Now, don't put your back up, Sandy, or I shan't go on. *I* didn't make you an ugly cat, with half a tail, did I?"

"No, cousin, no, please, go on, but they might have had me."

"Stuff! There was Tinker and Topsy, Snowy and Smut, Bully and Spitfire. But Bully and Spitfire behaved very badly indeed, all on account of a miserable sardine."

"That was the 'hitch,' I suppose, ma'm," said Sandy.

"No, I'm coming to that as fast as I can. We'd been playing at 'Fly on the wall,' rushing about all over the place, up and down the curtains, over and under the tables and chairs, till the whole lot of us were as hot as pancakes. Then Professor Grimalkin asked to be allowed to show his performing mice, by way of a change. He was just in the middle of the entertainment when we saw—"

"What, ma'am, rats?"

"No, worse than that; *something*, it wasn't a man, it wasn't a cat, and it wasn't a dog. Such eyes! Such a flat nose, and, oh, such a grin—a Cheshire cat couldn't cap it, if it tried for a week."

"And what was it doing, ma'm?"

"Scratching its head."

"What did you do?"

"Stood on the staircase, staring, as hard as we could, bushing our tails and sphitzzing."

"And what next?" cried Sandy.

"It ran towards us, but when it saw such a lot of us, and Bully and Spitfire ready to spring, it got scared and jumped up to the hall lamp, and swung on it, backwards and forwards, grinning all the time, till down it came, lamp and all. Such a crash! And down came the servants with pokers and tongs, for they thought it was burglars."

"Dear, dear, how exciting, Mrs. Tibby, ma'm! What did the Persians and Angoras do?"

"Scampered off, helter skelter, some upstairs, some down, some into cupboards, some under beds; one fell into the flour tub."

"And the mice, ma'm?"

"Got clean away, worse luck."

"Did you discover what it was, Mrs. Tibby?"

"Yes, a monkey! Disgusting to keep monkeys in a house, worse than babies, ten times."

"Ah, well, that comes of your fine folks," said Sandy. Good morning, ma'm."

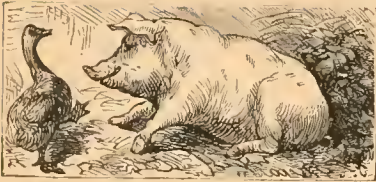




LOUIS WADK.

THE CAT'S PARTY.

A FINAL DISTINCTION.



“*P*RAY, who are you, sir?”

“I’m a pig.”

“Oh, the pig that went to market, or the one that wouldn’t get over the stile, or the pig with a curly tail?”

“Not either, that I know of. I’m just a pig.”

“Then I’m sorry for you; since you belong to an obstinate set who never do what they’re wanted from morning till night.”

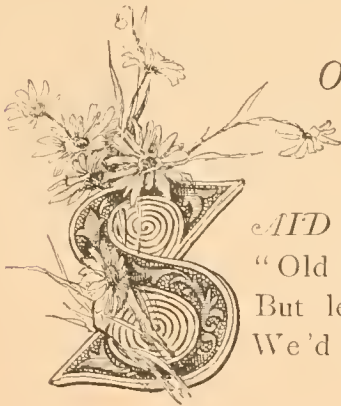
“Who are you, ma’am?” said the pig.

“I’m a goose, and one of the most valuable geese in the world.”

“Dear, dear, then you must be the goose that lays the golden eggs?”

“Not exactly, but tho’ my eggs are not golden, I’m more to the farmer than you are. I can give a pretty good guess that he likes me the best.”

“I don’t know about that,” said the farmer, who was standing by. “You’re one as nice as the other, and as my old woman says: ‘apple sauce does for both.’”



OLD FATHER

CHRISTMAS.

*A*ND two little people dressed in white:

“Old Father Christmas will come to-night;

But lest he forgets, or makes a mistake,

We’d better listen and be awake.”

But when the nursemaid put out the light,
These two little people dressed in white
Rolled themselves up in the counterpane,
And did not dare to look out again.

So carefully did they wrap the clothes,
You couldn't see the tip of a nose.

But when the bells were ringing ding-dong,
Old Father Christmas passed along;
"Whish," he said, brushing the snow from his nose,
"Whew! how the east wind
 blusters and blows."

Then, through the window,
 he spied the bed;
"I have to call at this house,"
 he said;
"The chimney's the proper
 way for me,
Why are they built so narrow,"
 said he.

In at the window he went instead,
Seated himself at the
 foot of the bed,
Filled the stocking
 with sweetmeats and toys,
All without making the slightest noise.

*Now wake little people dressed in white,
Old Father Christmas came last night;
He crammed your stocking—and,
 children, look!
He brought you a coloured picture book.*





